THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL
No. 1833

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MARCH 9
1935

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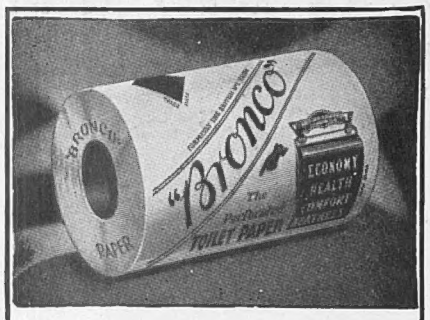

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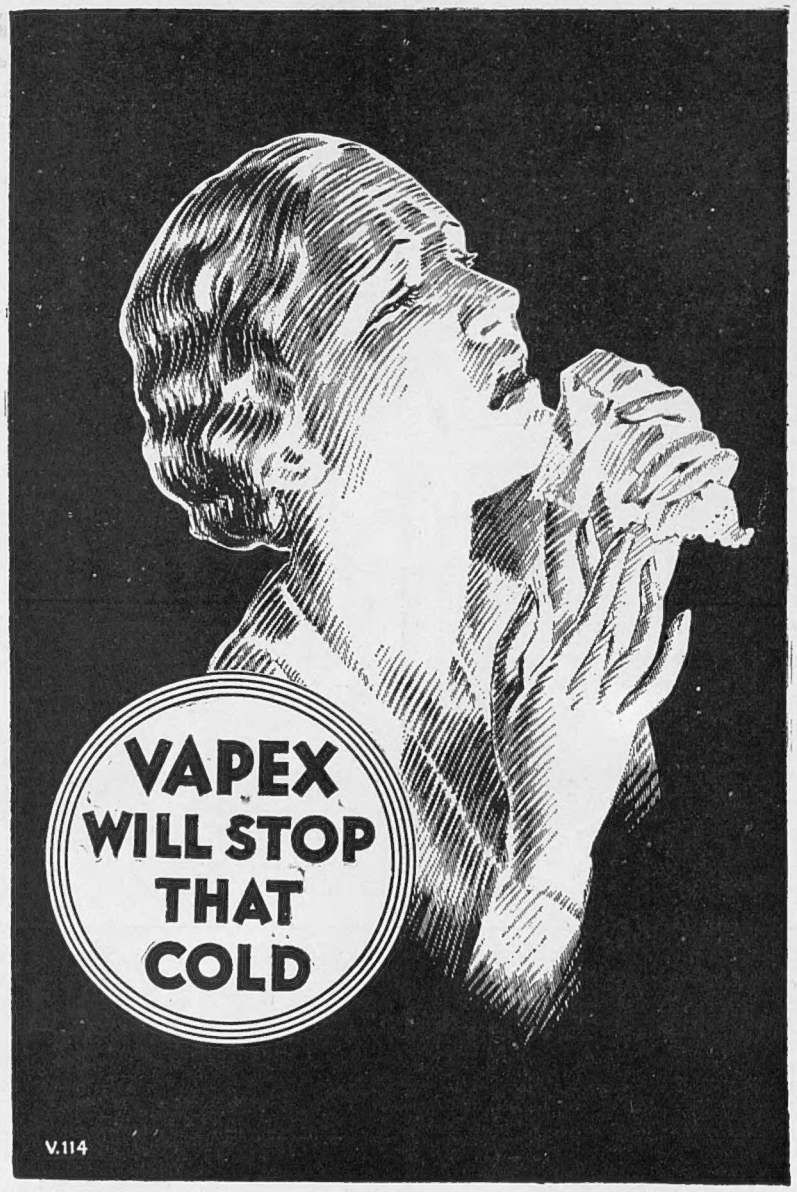

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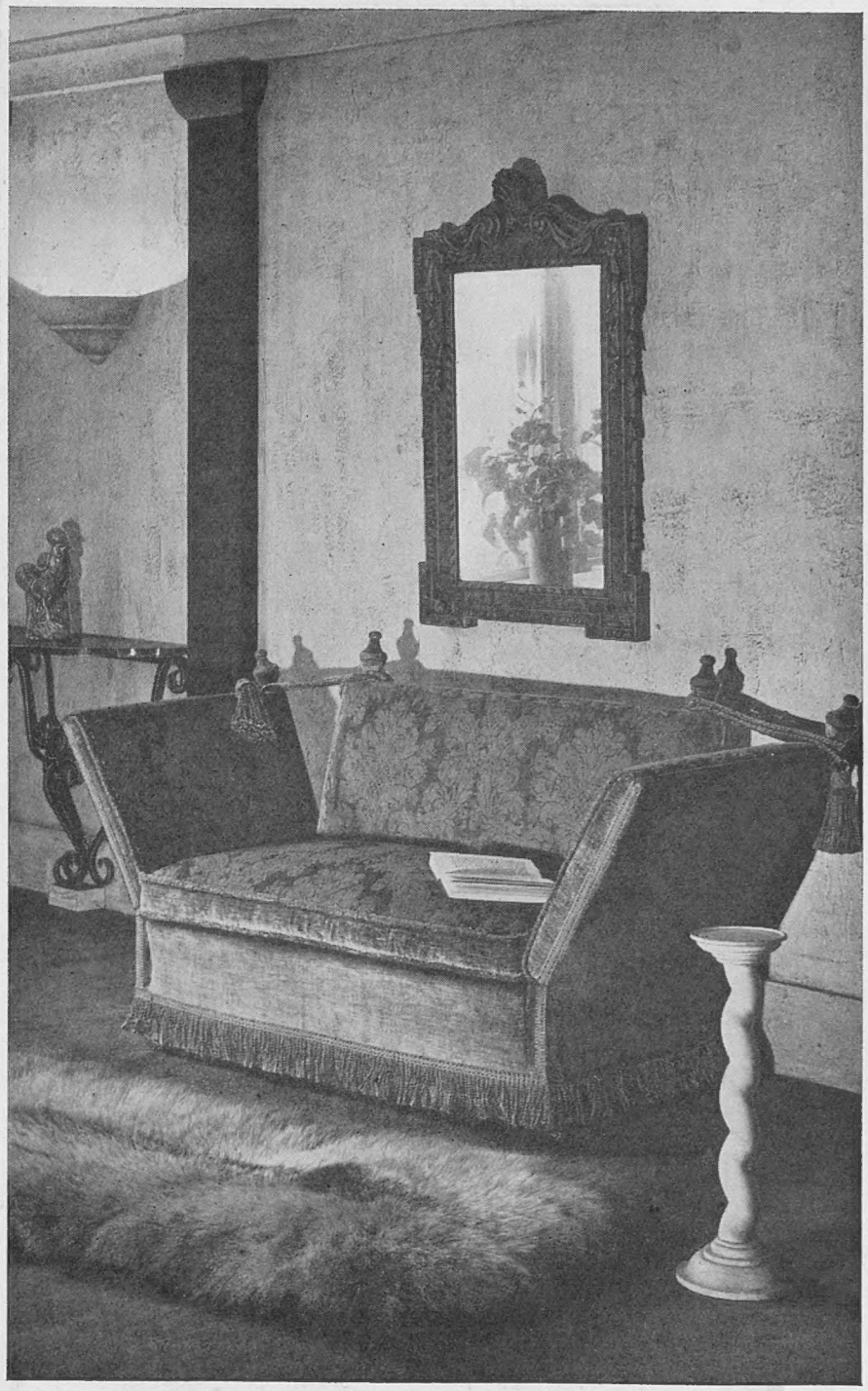

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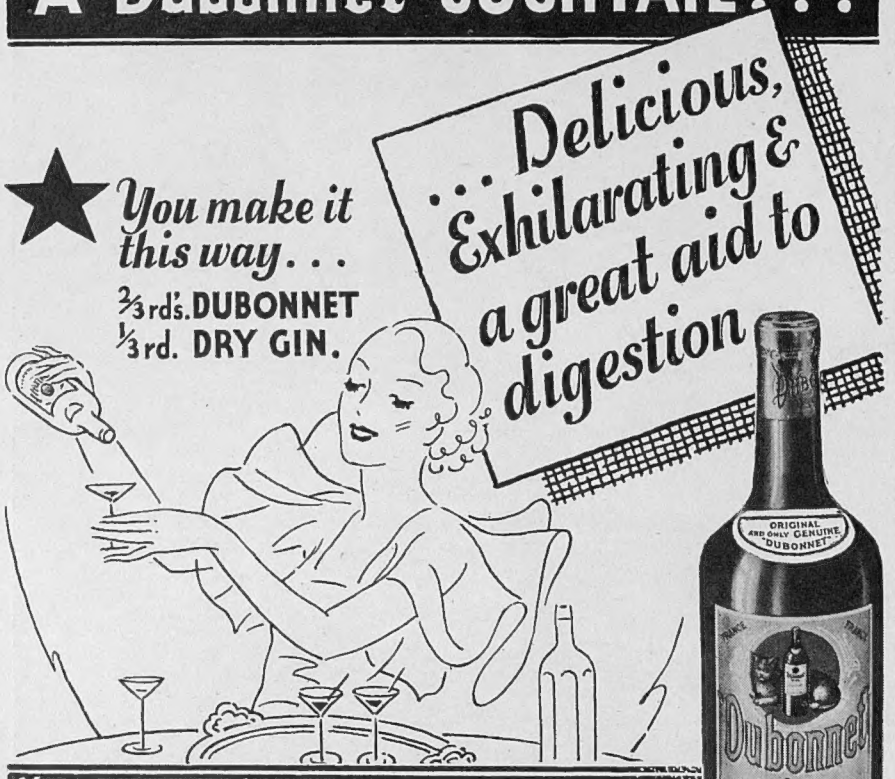

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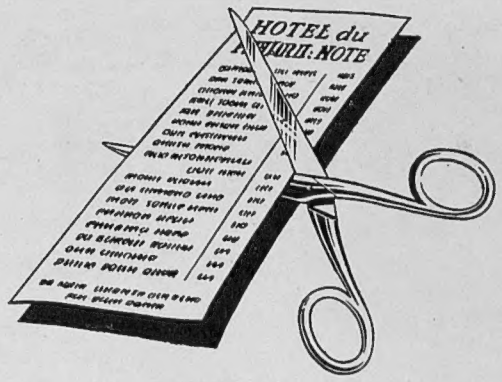

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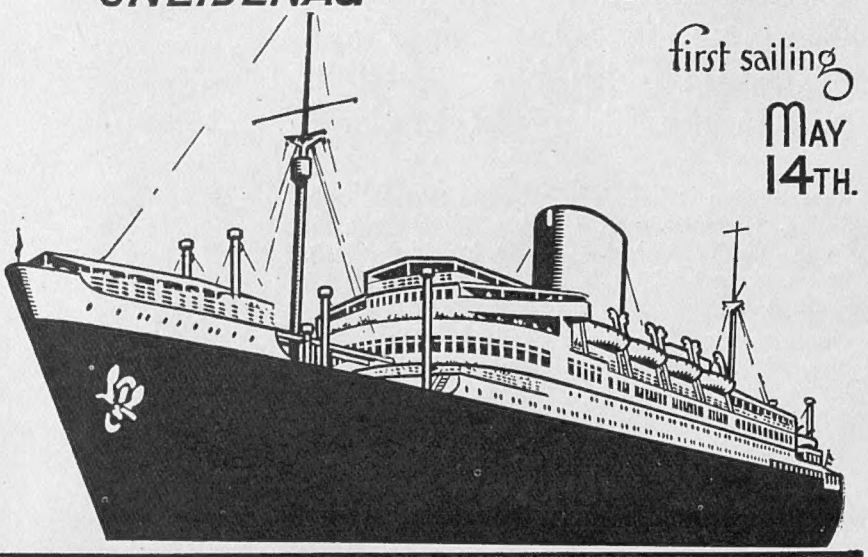

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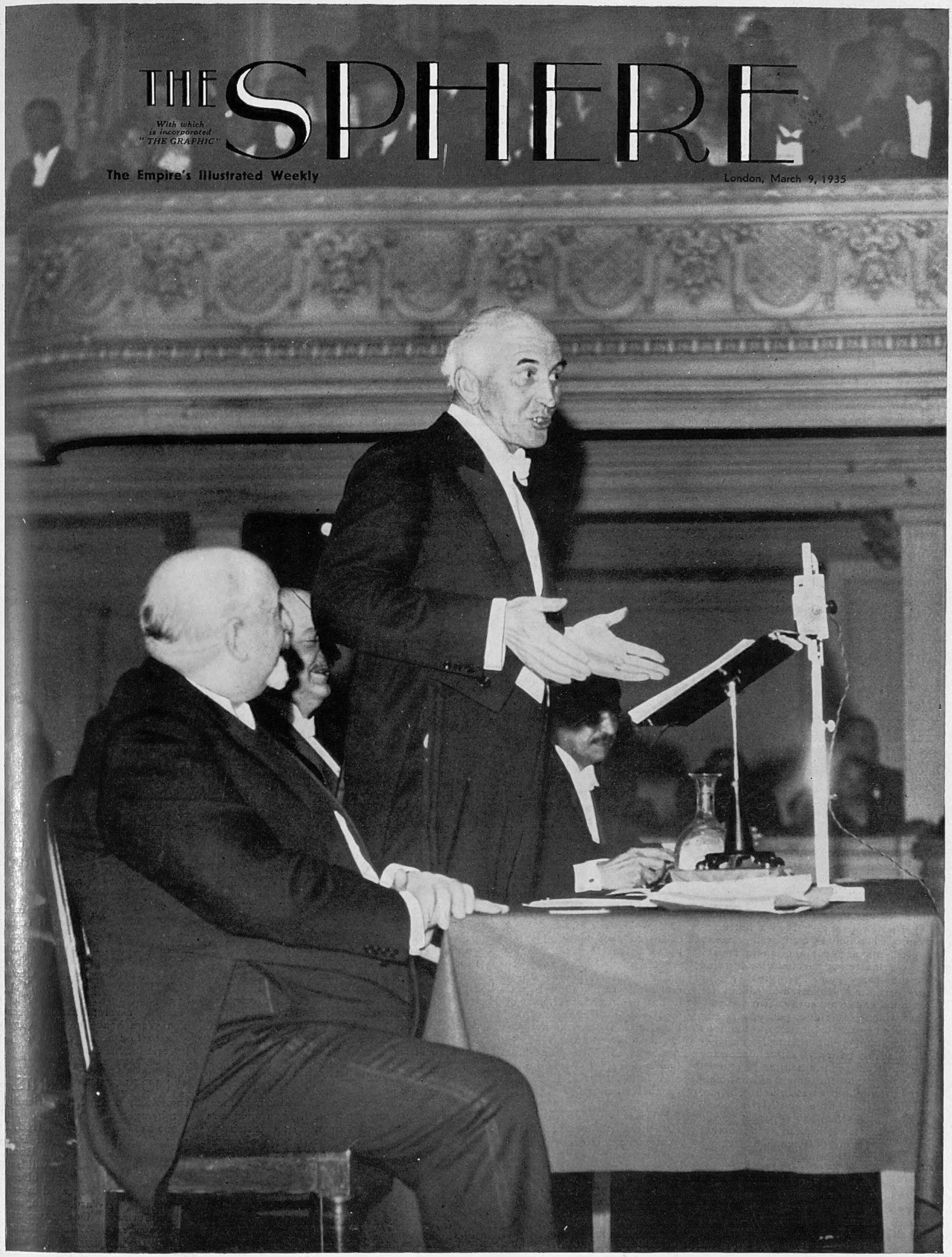

Our Travelling Foreign Minister

A Characteristic Study of Sir John Simon whose Visit to Chancellor Hitler this Week was so Sensationally Postponed

Few Foreign Ministers have travelled as extensively as Sir John Simon who, since 1931, when he was appointed to his present post, has spent an exceptionally large proportion of his time abroad. This week Sir John was to have made one of his most momentous journeys, as it was arranged that he should visit Chancellor Hitler in Berlin and discuss with him the proposals for the London Pact. This meeting was regarded as of decisive importance in that it was hoped that Germany would declare herself in favour of the present policy of international collaboration, and so pave the way to a further understanding between the signatories to the Locarno Treaty. On Tuesday, however, Herr Hitler created a great surprise by announcing that as a result of a slight cold contracted during the Saar celebrations he would be unable to see the British Foreign Minister. Inquiries in official quarters failed to produce any statement regarding the Führer's sudden decision, but it has been suggested that his indisposition was a diplomatic one—a rumour to which colour has been lent by the storm of protest in the Nazi Press against the statements made a few days ago by Mr. MacDonald on the subject of German re-armament and which have been described as unfriendly in the extreme. There the matter rests for the moment, and the situation appears to be one of considerable delicacy. The above picture of Sir John was taken recently in the Salle Gaveau in Paris, where he delivered a lecture in French on the British Parliamentary system

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WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Miss Margaret Elaine Llewellyn, eldest daughter of Sir David Llewellyn, and Mr. Donald Anderson, younger son of Sir Alan Garrett Anderson, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage

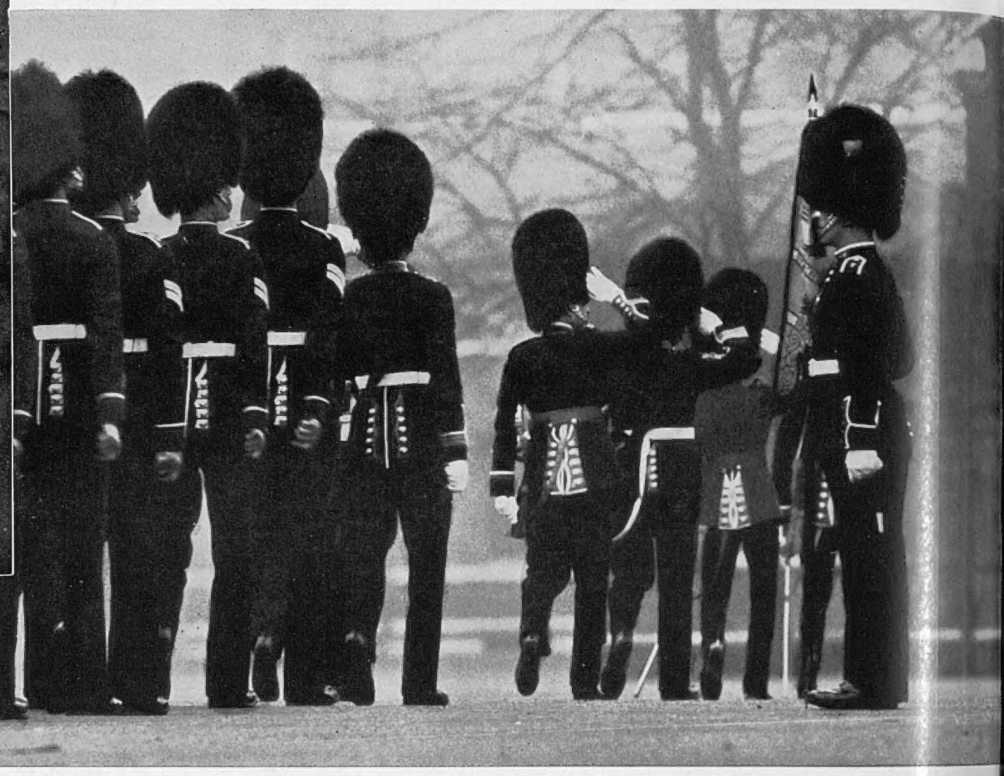
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 6, 1935.

THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR IT.—It is difficult (thank God!) to translate into English. But the Greeks have a word for it, and so have the Spaniards. "Intrigue" doesn't quite describe it, nor does "political intrigue." It is a portmanteau word which is composed of many ingredients and some of them rotten. An overmastering penchant for intrigue in the party game; a great genius for corrupting soldiers and sailors for factional ends; an enthusiasm for politics which overrides patriotism and sacrifice of party aspirations to the good of the State, even temporarily; a complete lack of patience, a total deficiency in constructive preparation; and a positive genius for going off untimely like a bungling assassin's bomb and making a silly little pop like a damp squib in a schoolboy's pocket. And the Greeks may have to coin another word—for an old man's egregious folly. M. Venizelos made a great reputation in the War. He has been described as one of the Big Five (or Six) in the Europe of our day. He is a Cretan and Crete's great man. He is also Greece's great man. He created the Balkan Alliance which overthrew Turkey in 1912 and then went to pieces through greed; he gained immense influence among the allied statesmen in the War; he reconciled Greece with the Government of Kemal; he was prime maker of the latest Balkan Pact. He is the Greek Cincinnatus, with a (rather exaggerated) European reputation; he is rich, respected, locally admired and seventy-three. But can he keep out of factional intrigue and let the other side have a turn to the glory that was Greece? If rumour is true, he must store popguns in his garret, and whisper in cellars, and sow the seeds of Dragon-teeth and set the Greeks at sixes and sevens, turning into scrap-iron their expensive armaments. The Greeks will find word for this senile folly, if rumour is true. But I cannot think so.

GERMAN IS THE SAAR.—German is the Saar, a knight is Mr. Knox, and one of the most short-sighted acts of the Treaty of Versailles is put right, if not forgotten. I shall never believe that armaments are the prime cause of war (despite the rise in Service Estimates for 1935). History shows that the prime cause has been punitive annexations by victorious Powers. The conqueror is entitled to his pound of flesh, but he is a fool if he seek to take it in real estate rather than in cash, for he is but sowing the seeds of everlasting anxiety and bitterness and of further bloodshed. Alsace taught no lesson. Perhaps the Saar will succeed where Alsace failed. When one looks back to the madness of Versailles in 1919–20 and thinks of all those statesmen of repute who cheerfully signed the death warrant of all hope of peace in Europe for twenty years, he is convinced at last that there was justification for our post-War contempt for diplomacy and our abandonment of hero-worship. The Führer's last-minute appearance on the scene of triumph was as carefully prepared and dramatic as any of his stage appearances. Who was more surprised and delighted than the Minister of Propaganda? Hitler's arrival positively brought down the rain, and he removed his coat to share Heaven's ovation with the crowd. And then, after exalting Germany, he spoke to France of reconciliation with sincerity and statesmanship.

ATHENS OF THE NORTH.—The (expected) appointment of the Duke of Kent to be Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly at Edinburgh this summer has already set "Scotia's darling seat" in a flutter. Edinburgh will go Marina-mad from now on to a climax in June. Her drapers will feature Marina shades and fashions, her notable bakeries will produce Marina cakes, and business should be brisk in the tourist line. It is well and apt. Except for the Duke of York, the Duke of Kent will be the first Royal Commissioner for three centuries, and it is probably fair to assert that the three ladies who in 400 years will have most thrilled the citizens of Edinburgh are all royalties—Mary of Scots, Elizabeth of York, and Marina of Kent. The Duchess of Kent will find in Edinburgh—which she does not know—the nearest approach in Britain and perhaps in Europe to Athens, and it should prove a spiritual home for her. As for the Duke, his interest in the romance of Holyrood and the old town and in the castle, should make his term of office a very agreeable one. The High Commissioners have been for the most part peers, but recently there have been Mr. James Brown, the Socialist ex-miner, Sir Iain Colquhoun, and Mr. John Buchan.



ST. DAVID'S DAY: The Prince of Wales, Colonel of the Welsh Guards, taking the salute at the march past of the regiment during the parade at Chelsea Barracks on March 1. His Royal Highness also attended a service in the military chapel, at which the Bishop of St. Asaph preached, and afterwards distributed leek emblems among the officers

A QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST.—People were wondering last week whether Mr. Findlay would withdraw from his ill-advised intervention in the by-election at Norwood. My own hope is that he will not, because I believe that Norwood has a far lower percentage of dead-head voters than Wavertree. I have a high opinion of Norwood. I believe that even the Norwood flapper will not lose her heart and head to Mr. Findlay, even if he be as romantic a figure of brilliant youth as Mr. Randolph Churchill. For really Mr. Findlay, as far as one can judge, has insulted their intelligence, and positively trailed the dignity of parliamentary representation in the mud. A few weeks ago he was a Fascist. He joined them in order to defeat Socialism. Then, after a few days of enthusiasm for his black shirt, he discovered that it was an anti-Jew uniform. The discovery of this dark secret brought a swift reaction; he burnt his black shirt and was just in time to appear at Norwood on the platforms in the clean white shirt and collar of a patriot, an Imperialist, and a true blue Tory. Young men like Messrs. Churchill and Findlay have no doubt got to think of their careers, but they must not suppose that there is a short cut and a primrose path for such brilliant and promising recruits as they. Like ordinary youths they must serve an apprenticeship and learn the rules as well as the ropes. Their presence in Parliament is not so urgent that they can be justified in breaking down the doors and smashing their way in, to save the Constitution from disaster. And I hope that Mr. Findlay will not now withdraw but will remain to learn a bitter lesson from Norwood; and will take his medicine like a man and, fairly purged, make a fresh start, fortified by solid political convictions and sweetened by an access of humility.

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.—The impossibility of finding an investment for surplus or "redeemed" money, earmarked for family trusts, enhances the desirability of Savings Certificates of which a new series is announced. Essentially these certificates are a poor man's investment because no individual may hold more than £500 worth. The new series mature in ten years (against twelve). That means that an investment of £75 will be worth £100 ten years hence. Put another way, interest at £2 18s. 4d. tax free will have rolled up to produce that capital figure on redemption in ten years. The rate sounds low and it is low; but it represents a rate of £3 15s. 3d. (with income tax at 4s. 6d.), and that is not bad interest on the World's premier security, sacred surely under any form of Government. Indeed such a "rolling-up," absolutely free from capital wastage, is exactly what the careful husband needs to-day. Ten years hence he may very well be able to find security plus 4' per cent. interest for his money.

MORLAND PRINTS.—I am sometimes chaffed by friendly critics for being too enthusiastic. Not often. None the less, and undeterred, I declare that I spent an hour of Paradise in Frank Sabin's gallery in Bond Street. Here is displayed, and will remain for some weeks, a collection of some sixty coloured prints, engraved in stipple and mezzo tint by Ward, Smith, and others, after Morland. One or two are rarities as the work of William Blake. Combined, the display is bewildering in its enchantment of colour and art and its social interest. Individually any pair of these prints which you might select would demand a specially decorated and finished room to display them. They would light that room if it had no windows, warm it if it had no fireplace, and let in air and country scents. Life in eighteenth-century England was often squalid, filthy, and base, but its art leaves the impression of an ideal era of youth, beauty, and peace. Some of these prints are very rare, representing years of patient search. There are a shooting series, happily framed, which sets your heart dancing; the interesting

"Deserter" series; a hunting series; a couple of angling groups; one or two interiors, rare and of a depth and restraint beyond praise; and an enchanting "Delia in Town." I was favoured, for my delight was so obvious, by a sight of other prints not being shown. Among them one for which the claim was made that it is the finest coloured print in the world. It is of the Misses Frankland, engraved by Ward after Hoppner, and I did not find the claim extravagant. I urge every reader who can, to go to 154, New Bond Street, and feast his eyes on beauty, grace, peace, and colour. If I had £200 (idle and unearmarked for rates and school bills) I know what I should do with 'em. I should carry off a pair of sportsmen, one in blue and one in red, from Sabin's gallery.

JACK ASHORE.—

Another Master retires from the active list—another Admiral of the White strikes his flag. Jack Hobbs has retired from first-class cricket. His end becomes him almost as much as his brilliant début. He has 197 centuries to his credit in first-class cricket and he wisely decided not to outstay the welcome of his body to go out after the missing three. His mind was always as well balanced as his body. He is one of the four master batsmen of the game—most people agree on the number; there is disagreement on the names of the four. I put them as Grace, Ranji, Trumper, and Hobbs. Hobbs and Trumper were alike in this: Masters of every stroke in the game, they never forgot that it was a game; and as such intended for the amusement of all concerned, active and passive. They went out to score runs and took the risks that masters may take in their craft. Jack Hobbs never ca'd canny, never hung back for records, never, I think, did any single thing which gave cricket a set-back or ran counter to the elusive spirit of the game whose secret none can utter. He was level-headed, sweet tempered, unspoilt, loyal, and cheerful. He inspired a hundred younger stars, influenced a thousand great matches, partnered scores of men who had not his nice judgment of what the spirit of cricket implied, but he never caught the infection of self-play. His name will live as a master of strokes and as a wizard at cover point and as a sportsman of the first grade. He will continue to play cricket (and doubtless to write about it) on the green and sunlit field and on the drab arena of life, and he will bring sanity and good cheer to those near him. *Ave atque vale.*

END OF A CHAPTER.—

The cricket season appears to be a very remote eventuality at the moment of writing. But snows melt and memories soon fade and wise men look forward. The M.C.C. has been busy in its great Committee room overlooking a snow field. One observes with regret that its long fight to keep the game fluid, and diluted only with that aforesaid unanalysed "spirit" of the game, has gone against it. Because of their new and heavier responsibilities umpires in first-class cricket are to have a special Court of Appeal to which will be referred adverse reports on their competence from Counties before suspension can be imposed on them. Another subject discussed was that evil body-line question. It has to be settled and therefore it is welcome news that sixteen counties decided with the Committee's approval that the first duty of Notts, after reorganisation at its annual meeting on March 21st, must be to declare unequivocally (and abide by) their position in regard to bowling which constitutes a "direct attack" on the batsman. On that declaration, Notts' fixture list for 1935 depends. Hobbs perhaps has ended his career at the end of a chapter in cricket history.

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS."

—The flood of suggestions for celebrating the Jubilee carries one chuckling along. They are so varied, sometimes so alien to our national temperament, occasionally commercially inspired. One which tickled me was a suggestion that there should be a battle of flowers in Hyde Park on the Saturday of Jubilee week, organized on the lines of the Nice Carnival. I try to picture John Bull and Mrs. Bull, even John Citizen and Mrs. Citizen, in organized revelry throwing bunches of flowers at one another. Admitted that in the last two summers Britain has acquired a reputation for sunny summers and Italian skies. But the nature of the Briton has not kept pace with the Latinization of our climate. Still, as of old, we revel with "deeficulty," and are more fitted to throw coconuts hard and straight than flowers gracefully. If the weather were right on the day the battle might prove a pretty spectacle, but I fancy we should have to import trained gladiators from Italy or Southern France.

WHISKY AGAIN.—

First of all, I find I can't spell it though I sometimes drink it and have done so for forty years. I should write "whisky," not "whiskey.' My sketchy remarks about the whisky duties and the damaging effect of the greed of Chancellors on the consumption of, and Exchequer returns from, whisky, have brought me correspondence which corrects my spelling and endorses my arguments in favour of a reduction of those duties. Whisky has a host of warm supporters among moderate, plain-living Englishmen living at York and Yately (Hants), Bournemouth, and Barmouth. I am told that as a first step to undo the damage caused by the uncontrolled avarice of Chancellors, the duty should be reduced again by 22s. 6d. to 50s. I am also assured that this reduction will increase consumption in the year following by quite 15 per cent. and that that will mean a further loss of £6,000,000 to the Exchequer. *But*, that this loss will be wiped out in the next year by a really widespread increase in the demand. Prohibition is dead to the world. Men must drink something (even virtual teetotalers like myself) and I would rather they drank a tot of decent whisky than raw spirit of nameless concoction or sticky and nasty foreign liquor.

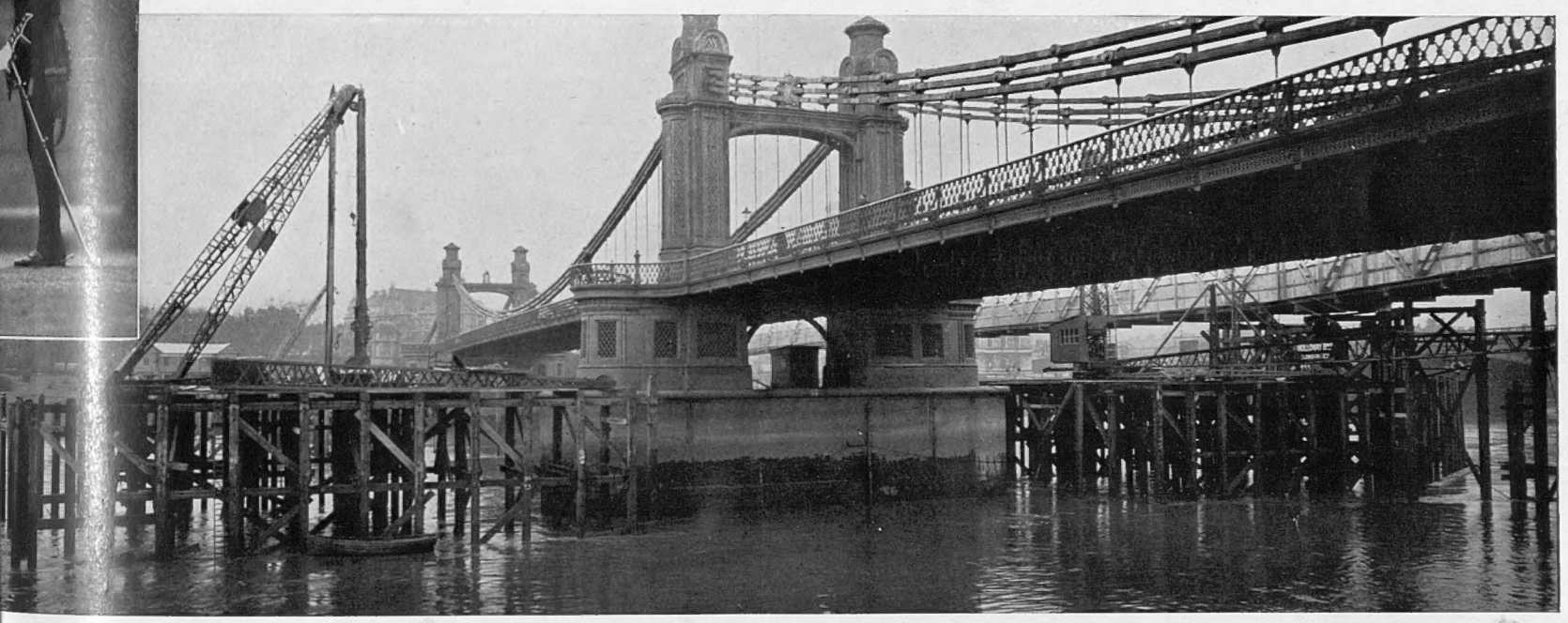
DECADENT?—

For how many weeks already has the Oxford crew been at work on the river in storm and flood and north-easterly gale, living a life of monastic seclusion in semi-training, disciplining body and mind for a desperate possibility! For how many more days must this hard course of training continue, ever increasing in severity, until at last it is released on the tideway to make a people's holiday? To a middle-aged man who was a dry-bob, it seems like life in a condemned cell in a bleak prison. Add to it that once a fortnight at least the depressing news blows in with the north-easter that their rivals have once more improved on a new speed record in a trial. Add, if you are good at addition, the total of years since there was an Oxford victory at Putney. And then dare to suggest that young Oxford can be "decadent," when out of the total of undergraduates in residence as many as a dozen and more aspirants can be found ready and willing to undertake this supreme sacrifice. Of course, they don't regard it as such. They are of the breed of Drake and Scott. They revel in the hardship and discomfort, and are as jolly as possible at all hours of the day. It does me good to read about them from an armchair by the fire. I class the Press boat race practice reports with Antarctic literature.

S.O.S. TO BOSTON.—

This is a personal appeal. There is no other available means to my hand. For more years than it is desirable to mention I have been fed with information of all kinds on American politics, American bull points and bear, scandals and triumphs; on history and genealogy (especially British and French), on world tendencies, reactions, and fashions, by means of vigorous letters, newspaper clippings, articles, and books—by an anonymous SPHERE reader who lives at Boston (Mass.). For many years I did not know my correspondent's sex. I know now she is a woman. Yesterday I got a stage nearer to her identity. I fancy I have discovered her initials. Sometimes she writes to me twice a week. Often I print what she supplies. Such industry and faithfulness compel me to invite a more personal contact. Will my faithful reader and correspondent, so frank, so assured, so omniscient, send me her name and address? I, too, am anonymous. I will gladly exchange names with her. Photographs we need not exchange. I for one do not wish to risk any romance which may unworthily invest my cloak of anonymity.

THE OLD STAGER



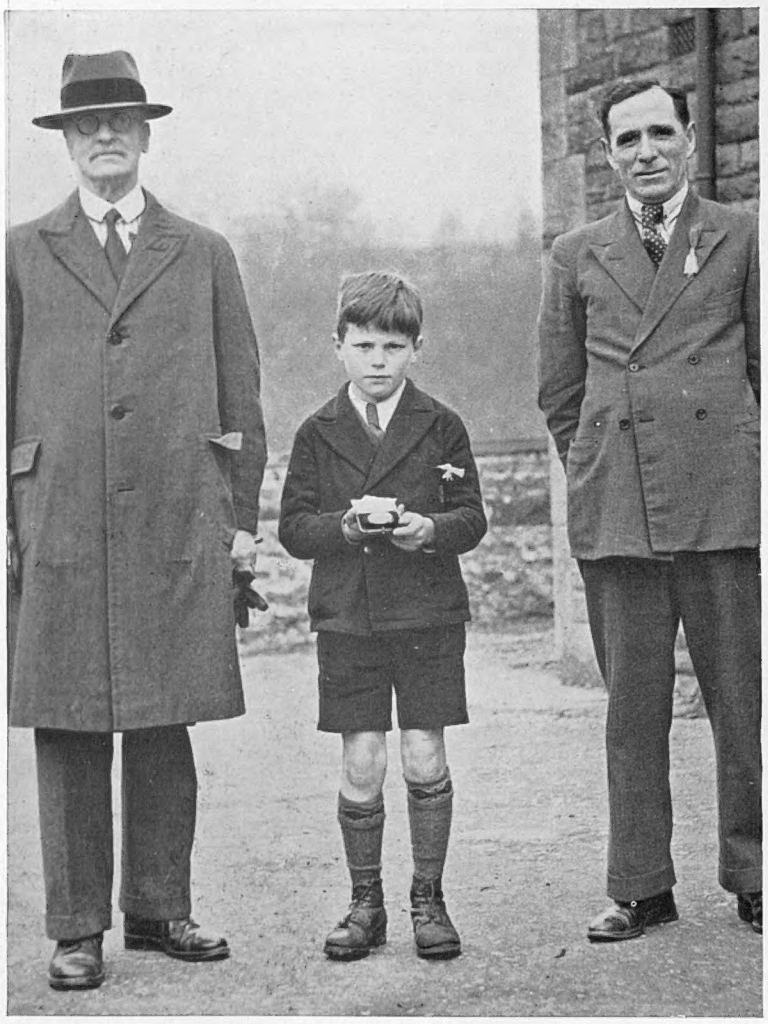
A LONDON LANDMARK PASSES: Chelsea Bridge which is now being demolished to make way for a new structure on the same site. While work is in progress pedestrians will use the temporary bridge seen beneath the span on the right. The old bridge was begun in 1851 but, owing to lack of funds and uncertainty regarding its stability, it was not opened for another seven years

HEAVYWEIGHTS: Vigour and Ure, the two handsome bay geldings belonging to Messrs. Whitbread, the London brewers, which have been chosen to draw the 2½-ton State coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons during the forthcoming Silver Jubilee celebrations. The coach itself has not been used for twenty-five years and is now in process of re-decoration

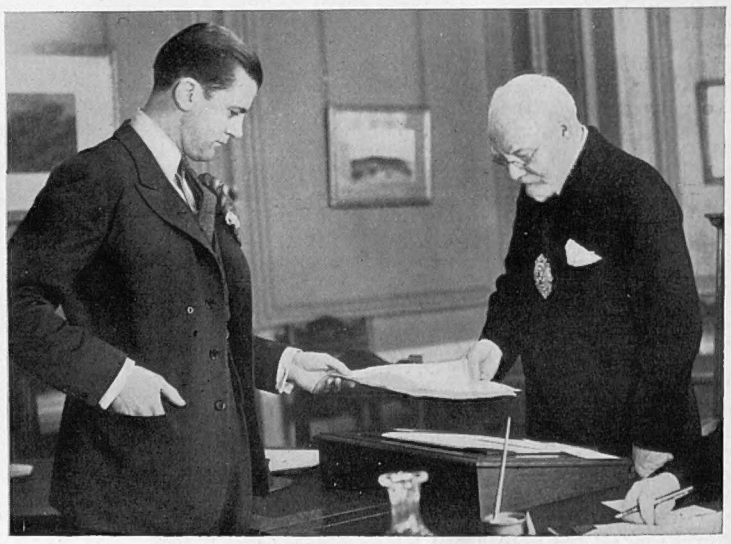
THE WEEK AT

A FLYING VISIT: The King and Queen of the Belgians out for a walk at Folkestone, where they spent last week-end. During their stay, His Majesty visited a nursing home to undergo a minor operation to his jaw

BATTLING FOR A TITLE: Miss M. B. Isherwood and Miss C. Marco in play against Miss F. Roberts and Miss E. J. Burroughs in one of the early rounds of the All-England Badminton Championships which were begun at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on Monday of this week. This year Denmark has sent a team over to compete



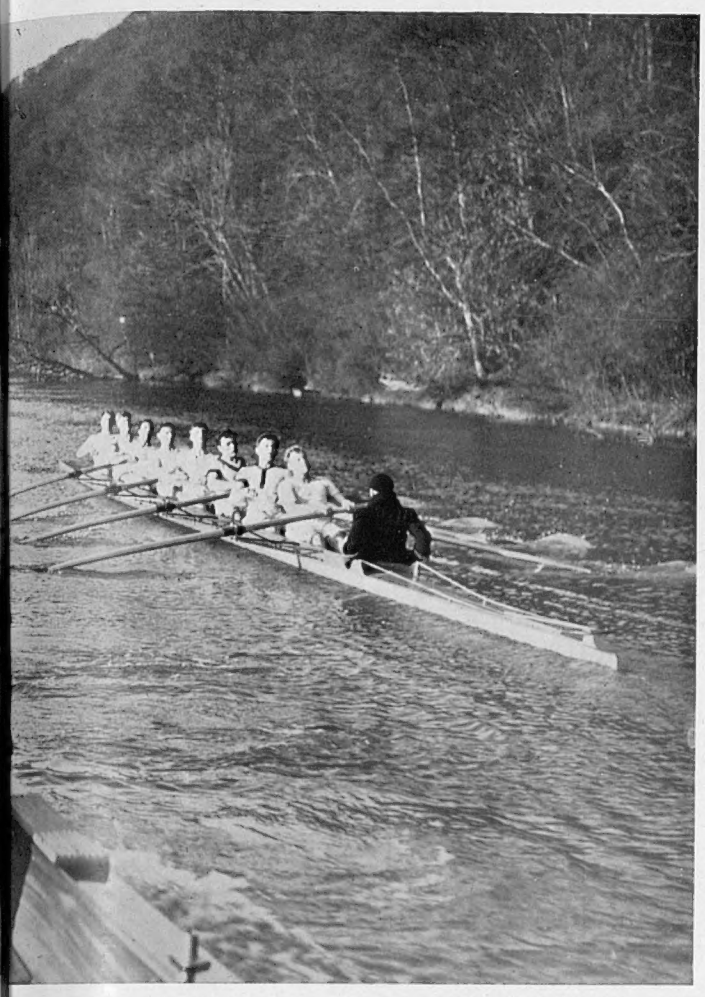
REWARD OF ZEAL: Master Ralph Davis with the silver watch presented to him for consistently good attendance at Michel Troy School, Monmouth. He has not missed a day for five years, and during that time is said to have walked nearly 4,000 miles between the schoolroom and his home. Standing on the right is his headmaster



ANOTHER SPLIT VOTE: Mr. R. Findlay, who is standing as an Independent Conservative in the Norwood by-election, and directly opposing the nominee of the Conservative Party, handing in his nomination papers to the Mayor of Lambeth. It is feared that his intervention in the contest may give the seat to the Labour candidate

A NATION-WIDE country who to inaugurate the King's organizations

HOME: A Pictorial Record of Current Happenings



WELL TOGETHER: The Oxford crew engaged in a practice row at Goring where they have now started strict training for the boat-race. They are being coached by Mr. Haig Thomas who is seen in this picture giving instructions through a megaphone from a launch

"WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE . . . ": A striking aerial view of the countryside round Pulborough, Sussex, which has been swamped by the overflowing of the River Arun as a result of the recent rains

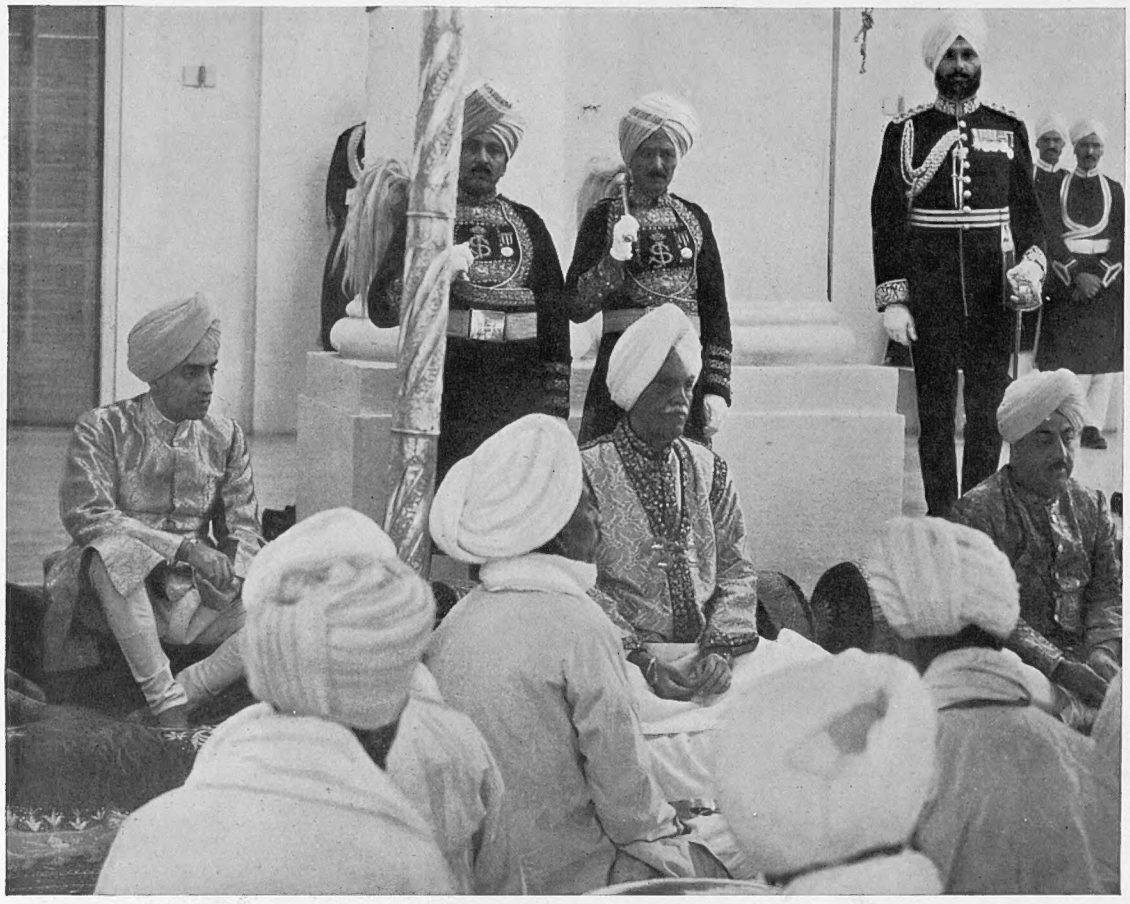
WARNING TO THE CURIOUS: The little cottage about eight miles from Dorchester, Dorset, where Colonel Lawrence of Arabia has gone to live following his retirement from the Air Force. Over the door is a stone tablet bearing a Greek inscription meaning "Not Your Concern"

APPEAL: Some of the Lord Mayors and Mayors from all parts of the attended the meeting called by the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace a National Thankoffering Fund in celebration of the 25th anniversary of accession. The money is to be used mainly to assist existing juvenile to increase facilities for physical recreation and the practice of hobbies

MAROONED: An A.A. patrolman rescuing a baby passenger through the sunshine roof of a car which was held up by the floods in Kent a few days ago. The floods were caused by the overflowing of the Medway and the Teise, and brought road communication between four villages to a standstill. In many parts of Southern England large tracts of country have been inundated, and the damage to property has been considerable

The Princes of India

Their Refusal to Share in Britain's Policy of Surrender



A PRINCE OF THE PUNJAB: The Maharaja of Kapurthala (seated in centre), who rules over an area of about 652 sq. miles, seen at his Court on his sixty-second birthday

THE events of the past few days have brought the Reigning Princes of India prominently into the limelight.

To those of us with a personal knowledge of India, their recent action in refusing, in terms as clear as they are courteous, to have any further share in the surrender of our Indian Empire lacks the surprise and consternation with which it has been met at Westminster.

The matter is simple. So simple that its very simplicity condemns those advocates of scuttle whose whole case, if it is to pass muster by the electorate in this country, must rest on unreality and on a complication of the issue. Nor can we do the Princes a greater service than by stripping it of pretence and laying bare its essentials.

In essence, the Princes are independent and self-governing rulers of one-third of the immense sub-continent. Not, indeed, as one homogeneous body, but as the result of treaties and arrangements stretching over many generations, in which a very wide range of circumstances, time, and locality govern the conditions of each. But one fact, from highest to lowest, is common to all: their direct and personal allegiance to the Crown, and subservience to the Viceroy only in as far as he is the mouthpiece of Royalty. No more; no less. The matter, both in principle and in practice, is incapable of modification.

The hostility of Congress-led British India politicians to the Indian Princes is therefore implacable. To democrats whose avowed eventual object is that *swaráj* which is only republican secession spelt short, the existence in their midst of strong self-contained States obstinately loyal to the Crown is as unthinkable as would be an isolated Tsarist principality in mid-Russia to the Soviets; the peace and contentment of the States' subjects are a standing challenge to the disorder and misery which have already begun to invade many parts of politically-minded British India; while the almost incalculable revenues of the Princes themselves are enough to make any Congressman's mouth water.

Now the pity of it is that these independent States are, as it were, geographically, politically, strategically, and economically indefensible islands in the surrounding sea of British India. Except through the India which we govern, they have no practical communication with the outer world. Not one of them has direct access to a seaport. Not a road, not a railway serving their territories but, sooner or later, passes into British India. No postal system, telegraph, or long-distance telephone but comes to them through our hands. Nor, as long as India and the Emperor of India were synonymous, was this any great matter. But from the moment that we English set ourselves on the easy downward slope to the inescapable logic of an eventual abdication, the matter took on a new complexion.

Stripped of pretences, the fact lies thus. As long as India was an Imperial possession, governed—with a full view to the happiness and prosperity of its hundreds of millions—in the name of the Kaiser-i-Hind, the States, firm in their personal allegiance to a strong and just overlord, felt safe. But when the weakening of our Imperial sense raised, as our heir, an artificial Indian democracy pledged to parliamentary forms and bitterly hostile to independent personal rulership; and when that democracy claimed—as, in a measure, it has already succeeded in acquiring—the geographic and economic, as well as social and political, inheritance, it took no effort of imagination to visualise each and every Independent Ruler in, to put it bluntly, a state of siege. For, in the clearly foreseeable event of every avenue of their communications and trade passing into the hands of their openly-avowed enemies, a customs-ruled economic blockade, a long-drawn-out but hopeless resistance, surrender and inevitable expropriation, were certain.

Throughout the ten years of Indian turmoil following the War, the Princes refused to believe in the reality of the danger. In the end, thanks largely to the blunt realism of one of their number—he whose cricketing days in this land many of us still remember—they faced-up to what had till then been unbelievable. Not only was abdication in the air; it was demonstrably in progress.

Measure seemed to follow measure in logical sequence, and with every step by which the English weakened, by exactly that amount did the position of every State become progressively insecure. That champion of realism, the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, whom we knew best as Ranjitsinhji, already a dying man, rose in the Chamber to strip the last pretence from the accumulating fog of make-believe. He was silenced, in mid-speech, by a Viceroy pledged to the support of abdication. He passed. But he left behind him a Chamber of Princes for the first time united; and that, by the strongest bond known to men—a fear shared in common.

Pith and point were given to the fear when a Viceroy shed his dignity and came to personal terms with Gandhi, the foremost figure in the Indian rebellion. Power and initiative, to all seeming, had already passed across.

Dignity and tradition equally precluded any making of terms with the common enemy. The Princes, deeply unwilling, turned to diplomacy. If forearming were out of the question, forewarning might yet serve; and if this parliament of the avowed enemies of the British Raj was, in fact, to be set up it would be as well to be of its inner councils. Abating not one whit of their rooted antipathy to the change of venue, the Princes, in 1931, came most unexpectedly into the field with an apparent surrender. So far from opposing the setting-up of the new Indian democratic institutions, they would share in them. At the Round Table Conference they offered—not, indeed, to the quick-witted native politicians, nor to that lamentable loin-cloth'd figure of mischief digging holes in his blotting-pad half way down the room, but to the white statesmen present—a Federation of the States with British India, instantly acclaimed by all England as a miracle of reason.

There was to be an Indian Parliament. Their nominees would sit in it. Effective power was to pass? With a shrug of the shoulders—at least they should share what was to come. They believed—and who can blame them?—that the clear realisms of the Simon Report which at that time held the field marked high-water for our surrender. They, with all their knowledge of their fellow-Indians, could plainly foresee an early collapse of the provincial autonomous parliaments which the Report advocated, the utmost limit to which it would commit itself, and, therewith, such obvious chaos that nothing could result but a reversion to white man's rule.

But tidal waves take no account of high-water marks. And when a life-long Socialist, in alliance with the leader of the greatest Tory majority of modern times, appointed a packed committee whose avowed purpose was that of swamping the last vestige of our Raj, the thing took on a different complexion altogether. Patient, dignified in an increasing unity of purpose, the Princes held their peace during the long-drawn-out deliberations which preceded the eventual publication of the White Paper Report. With statesmanship and caution, for weeks past assembled in conclave at Bombay, they have been examining the findings in terms of a knowledge of Indian realities shared by few at Westminster. Not only the findings, but their inherent implications.

To them, as to those of us who know India, the "safeguards" which cloak the surrender are valueless. What, in effect, faced them was—and to-day is—an exactly foreseeable central Indian Parliament of bitterly anti-British Hindus who, whatever combination of other sections might be brought against them, would succeed in carrying into law the measures which, for a decade, they have openly avowed. The Viceroy might "reserve," might certify, might insist to the limits of his newly-defined powers; but with every little part of the machinery of administration taken out of his control, his obstruction to the measures brought against him would fail. The Viceroy, *magni nominis umbra*, might still be a Royal representative, a fitting—if in practice powerless—intermediary between Prince and Emperor. A loyal keeper of a Royal pledge—as far as he was able.

A STAUNCH IMPERIALIST: The Maharaja of Patiala, who was Chancellor of the Indian Chamber of Princes from 1926 to 1930, and who, like the late Ranjitsinhji, has frequently stressed the dangers of Britain's policy of abdication in India

On the other hand he might well be otherwise.

Long before the open Socialism of the White Paper, they had seen a Viceroy, a King's representative, quite literally on the run. Long before the latest formulation of surrender and while the peace of India still ran at least on the outward forms of white rule, they had seen another Viceroy ostensibly repressing sedition and yet giving way at every turn to the steady pressure of the politically-minded native; that same Viceroy whose reaction to the one realist voice raised in the Chamber of Princes had been so marked, so instant. And if these things might happen with a Viceroy appointed under the strongest Tory majority in a generation, what hope lay in a future Conservatism weakened in numbers and thereby pliant to its enemies? What shred of hope lay in an obvious probability when Labour itself

(Continued on p. 374)

REJOICINGS IN THE SAAR

THE FUHRER'S SURPRISE VISIT: Members of the police and of other uniformed organizations of the Reich marching through the streets of Saarbrücken on March 1, the day on which the territory of the Saar was officially handed back to Germany by the League of Nations amid scenes of great rejoicing. During the afternoon Herr Hitler arrived in the town with dramatic suddenness, his unexpected participation in the celebrations rousing the enthusiasm of the people to fever pitch. In the top right-hand picture the Chancellor is seen acknowledging the cheers as he drove in an open car to the Town Hall

EVIDENCE OF POPULAR ENTHUSIASM: Crowds attempting to break through a cordon of uniformed Nazis outside the Town Hall at Saarbrücken when Herr Bürckel was being officially installed as Reich Commissioner for the re-annexation of the Saar Territory. In the evening there was another large demonstration which was addressed by Chancellor Hitler, who pointed out how happy he was to be among his own Saarlanders on the first day of their liberation, and how he hoped that in the near future there would be an improvement in the relations between France and Germany. He finally appealed to the people to co-operate in the construction of the new Reich of national unity, honour, peace, and liberty; and admonished them to remain loyal to the Reich in the same manner as Germany had never lost faith in herself during all the adversities of the past fifteen years

NEW APPOINTMENTS AT THE G.P.O.: Mr. L. Simon (seated), who has been given the newly created post of Director of Savings, and Mr. F. W. Phillips, who becomes Director of Telecommunications, the department dealing jointly with telegraphs and telephones. Mr. Phillips entered the Post Office service forty years ago, and is a member of the recently appointed Television Advisory Committee

SAFE AND SOUND: Lady Young, wife of the Governor of Northern Rhodesia, who was reported missing last week after leaving Livingstone on a flight. She has now been found, alive and unhurt, in the desolate Gokwe region where her 'plane crashed

THE MODE OF THE MOMENT: A wedding gown in heavy white linen being shown at a display of new Ulster fabrics arranged by Lady Londonderry and held at Londonderry House. Many brides-to-be attended the parade

THE MIGHTY ATOM: Mr. Gordon Harmer, the well-known stamp auctioneer, seen with his wife on board the *President Roosevelt* when he arrived at Plymouth last week, bringing with him one of the world's most valuable stamps. It is said to be the only known specimen of a provisional issue made in British Guiana in 1856, and it is insured for £10,000

THE DESIGN FOR THE BRITISH PAVILION—one of the many magnificent buildings being erected on the Plateau of Heysel in readiness for the opening of the Brussels Exhibition (*see also pages 356-7*)

BELGIUM'S WEMBLEY

Preparations for the Great Brussels Exhibition

IT is winter. Coming up from Antwerp you would hardly think so; little old Flemish women raking up the leaves from garden paths, and through the streets of Malines a procession of bare-headed little maidens, shining in the sun, on the way to their first communion. A sea of mud up near Laeken, where an army of workmen is turning a pretty hill into a twentieth-century city—the Brussels World Exhibition; it looks, from a distance, like the ruins of Karnak; and this warm, unwintry sun helps the illusion.

The omens are good for the great International Fair.

In Brussels itself, the baskets of the flower-sellers on the kerb of the Place du Bourse were already choked with spring blooms. The café terraces were full of people in bright clothes, and smoke, and sunlight, and good beer; nothing jollier than a Brussels café terrace on a sunny day. The charming secretary to the commissariat of the Exhibition wore a gardenia in his button-hole: "You can see for yourself, monsieur; the Exhibition is a success before it has started. With this weather we shall be finished long before the opening date."

To be sure, the shawled women emerging near the Nord Station at night with their barrows of steaming mussels looked wintry enough. To be sure, the Borinage, that mournful Belgian "Black Country," was muttering ominously and threatening to strike, and the Government was trembling on its perch of joint-stock banks; but what did that matter? Promise had got into the air of Brussels; the sense of things getting better. "1935 will be a good year," said the manager of my hotel. "It is the Exhibition Year!"

The Exhibition Year—peppermint sticks, sweat, roundabouts, bawling brats looking for lost mothers and perspiring mothers looking for lost brats, queues in front of steaming refreshment rooms, and flags of all nations drooping listlessly in the summer air—full hotels, theatres, trains, trams, conventions on the spree, fireworks and music, and long articles in *Le Soir* about big commercial orders, the cementing of international friendships, record crowds, and stirring ceremonial. The usual sort of thing, but with a difference.

The Brussels Exhibition will be the biggest international exhibition since Paris, 1900, which fact probably means something to those who remember the Paris Exhibition, 1900. I do not. All the world peddling its wares on that beautiful hill, hard by the king's palace at Laeken, overlooking the city of Brussels: twenty-seven nations, including the most powerful in Europe, decked out in all the finery of their commercial, artistic, and touristic wardrobes. I am prepared to wager that half a thousand journalists will soon be calling Brussels the World's Shop Window. It is the kind of phrase which sticks to our journalistic vocabulary as a tick to the ear of an ox.

According to the Belgian propagandists, the Brussels Exhibition 1935, "Universal and International," will constitute, among other things, "a crowning show of Electricity and Radio Electricity: total power, 20,000 kilowatts." It will be a commemoration of the centenary of the first railway in Belgium and on the Continent; and the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the independent State of the Congo. Anything Congoish is sure to be enchanting: there is a sinister fascination in the word itself. But this is Brussels. The totem faces on the big, pro-African pavilion, which was already complete when I visited the Exhibition grounds, have lost the leer of the Dark Continent and acquired the grin of a Brussels urchin.

Reverting to the statisticians: there are more than 140 palaces and pavilions, of which the Grands Palais, or Great Palaces, cover 500,000 sq. ft. These Great Palaces, at the summit of the hill, whence all the avenues of the exhibition radiate, are impressive examples of modern engineering and architecture. They are to be permanent, and deserve to be. They set the architectural tone for the whole exhibition, which in that respect beats anything of the kind I have ever seen. The huge, concrete main hall of the Grands Palais, embodying the most daring constructional principles, should be closely studied by anyone interested in that sort of thing; and the sheer grace of line and proportion in such pavilions as those of Luxembourg, Denmark, and certain specific industries, give to the exhibition an unusual architectural significance.

It is a pity that when the exhibition is finished all the workmen will be cleared away with the rubbish. To see them now, in perilous perches above creamy towers and swinging cranes, or fixed to the smooth wall surfaces, is to derive an effect of Gothic; the Continental workman is delightfully gargoylish, and much more effective, as a decoration, than the burgher crowd in Sunday clothes and holiday mood that will take his place when the young King Leopold declares the exhibition open on April 27.

I am really not done with statistics; in addition to the special foreign pavilions there are pavilions devoted to agriculture, horticulture, building and scientific trades, arts and literature, chemical and gas industries, motor industries, textiles, clothing, leather, foodstuffs, electricity, post, telegraph and telephone, waterways and forests, etc. There is to be an International Palace of Ancient Art in which the best schools of all countries will be represented; and a very remarkable exhibition of "Five Hundred Years of Belgian Art," to which all the great museums and private collections of the whole world have contributed. That alone makes the exhibition of rare importance. The collections are insured for more than £3,000,000.

Fountains, cascades, and waterfalls. Reconstruction of old Brussels of the eighteenth century, "jewel of archaism and gaiety." It really is a jewel; the reconstruction has been cunningly done and the illusion is perfect. A forest park has been retained in the heart of the exhibition, some fifty acres, and a rosery of over 150,000 square feet has been laid out.

R. E.

THE CHALLENGE OF BEAUTY

Women in Sport

THE RIVALS

Rumanian javeliniers training for the 1936 Olympic Games

INTO THE BLUE

Poised, like the very arrow she is about to discharge—a veritable poem of feminine grace

ON THE AIR

Jean Batten, heroine of a recent England–Australia flight, addresses the microphone

A sculler about to start out on a practice spin on the Thames at Putney

THE ROWER

A RED-LETTER DAY: Natives of Minikoi—a lonely atoll lying between the Laccadive and Maldive Islands—launching one of their boats in preparation for the great regatta which is held every year in honour of the visit of the Governor of Madras Presidency

DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION: The people of Minikoi as a rule wear little or no clothing but, in honour of the Governor's visit, they don white and striped skirts—treasured possessions obtained from itinerant traders in exchange for coco-nuts

A TENSE MOMENT: Thirty islanders, manning one of the long canoes, waiting for the start of the annual boat race. The course is about a mile in length, and it is a wonderful sight to see five or six crews almost locked together as they make the final dash for the finishing line. Sometimes they are almost shrouded by the spray from their oars

AT THE LANDING STAGE: Waiting for His Excellency to come ashore from the warship which once every year brings him out to the island from the port of Calicut, on the west coast of Madras.

MINIKOI

The Governor of Madras Inspects an Island Outpost in the Indian Ocean

The name of Minikoi is familiar to many Eastern travellers, because all who journey viâ Suez for Ceylon and the Far East must pass it. Although rightly belonging to the Laccadive group, Minikoi is a lonely island many miles away, midway between the Laccadive and the Maldive Islands, between the Eight and Nine Degree Channels.

Leaving Aden for Colombo, the last friendly light to wink at you as you prepare for the monsoon is the island of Sokotra just outside the Gulf of Aden. From there you may spend several weary days and nights before Minikoi greets you. Then you know that you are but 200 miles from the Malabar coast.

In 1875, Minikoi and the other Laccadive Islands were annexed to the Madras Presidency, and now the Governor of Madras endeavours to visit the islands while he is touring other parts of the west coast of his province. Usually he will try to make this visit coincide with that of the British naval flagship of the East Indies Station. On this occasion he will embark at Calicut, and from there it is barely a day's journey to the islands.

As may be imagined, the visit of the Governor in the flagship is a thrilling occasion for the natives. His Excellency leaves the ship in the Admiral's barge; it is about half an hour's trip to the shore. The water round the pier is just deep enough to allow the boat to come alongside and, waiting excitedly to greet him, are the Chief and all the officials of the island. The total population numbers only a few thousands so everyone is assured of a good view of the proceedings. They are all out in their smartest clothes and it is clear that there have been several "washing days" to attain the standard of cleanliness which they show. Truth to tell, the provision of clothing presents no difficulties at all except on such an occasion as this.

One looks at first in vain for the women, but there they are, all together, forming a mass of red. They stand apart from their menfolk, all dressed exactly alike in long gowns of deep crimson. They are shy; if one tries to photograph them, they run away.

The Governor takes a walk round the island, accompanied by the Chief and followed by as many as can squeeze into the procession. Obviously everything

(*Continued on p.* 376)

Left—PROCESSIONAL: Musicians marching to the public hall to entertain the Governor with an exhibition of their traditional drum dance, a performance in which they continue until exhausted

INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN CIRCLE OF NANDA DEVI

The Remarkable Feat Accomplished by Mr. E. E. Shipton and His Small Party, who Recently Penetrated for the First Time in History the Seventy-mile Ring of Jagged Peaks surrounding the 25,000-ft. Himalayan Giant

AWE-INSPIRING DEPTHS: A picture taken in the "inner sanctuary," where no man had ever before set foot, and which lies within the outer ring of defences that guard Nanda Devi and make it one of the most inaccessible peaks in the world. Mr. Shipton, Mr. Tilman, and their three Sherpa porters not only penetrated this area, but actually climbed a considerable distance up Nanda Devi itself and discovered what is probably, at the proper season, a practicable way to the summit. A diagrammatic drawing of the territory explored (the first of its kind to be made) and a descriptive article by Mr. Shipton will be found on the following two pages

On left—A GOAL OF MOUNTAINEERING AMBITION: One of the twin peaks of Nanda Devi, which may be conquered in the near future as a result of the researches of the Shipton Expedition

On right—A BARRIER OF ICE AND SNOW: A view of one of the giant peaks guarding the way to Nanda Devi, and which for years have been the despair of the most experienced climbers. In the middle distance is a hanging glacier

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The Way to NANDA DEVI

Mr. E. E. Shipton Describes How He and his Party Pierced the Mountain Rampart and Reached the Base of the Great Himalayan Peak

The principal objective of our little expedition to the Central Himalaya last year was an inspiring one indeed. Here was a great peak, the highest in the British Empire, whose very base had never been reached. The reason for this was the fact that the country in which the peak is situated is surrounded by a gigantic rampart made up of scores of peaks, each over 20,000 ft. high. The basin thus formed is an extraordinary freak of Nature, and is, to the best of my knowledge, unique. The only portal to this country is the terrific gorge of the Rishi Ganga.

For half a century repeated efforts were made to reveal the secrets of the Seven Sages of Hindu mythology, who were believed to dwell behind those mighty ramparts. But the grim seventy-mile ring of mountains repulsed those assaults, and the sanctuary remained inviolate.

It was our task to attempt once more to force a route up the Rishi Ganga and to make a preliminary exploration of the basin.

On Dr. Longstaff's advice the party was a small one, and I was most fortunate in having four ideal companions—H. W. Tilman, who had been my companion on several expeditions to the mountains of East and Central Africa; Angtharkay, who was one of the two Sherpas on Everest in 1933, who sat through the three-day blizzard at Camp 5 and subsequently volunteered to carry to Camp 6; Passang Bhotia was another Camp 6 man: and lastly, Kusang Namgir, a man of extraordinary toughness and imperturbability.

THE LIE OF THE LAND: A diagrammatic sketch showing the route taken by Mr. Shipton and his party the mountain barrier guarding the approach to Nanda Devi. The line of attack was via the Rishi 1907. In a recent letter to *The Times* Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, of Everest fame, described how the precipices of the gorge along traverses connected by the smallest and most fragile of links which they found themselves was one of amazing and unexpected beauty; herds of tar and able variety and brilliant colouring, and flowers were to be seen everywhere. The party first then, after the main strength of the monsoon was exhausted, proceeded to map the southern they escaped over the difficult Sunderdhunga col, the descent of which on its southern side has came to an end one of the finest feats of mountain exploration ever performed. This diagram have attempted to penetrate

THE GODDESS MOTHER OF THE KUMAUN HIMALAYA: A remarkable picture showing one of the faces of Nanda Devi, rising almost sheer from the valley

To explorers, and more particularly to mountaineers, it is a well-known fact that each successive attempt upon a problem makes that problem easier to solve. It should be clearly understood, therefore, that what measure of success we had last year was due, primarily, to the efforts of those who had gone before us.

The party left Ranikhet (in the U.P.) early in May, and marched for ten days through the beautiful, forest-clad foothills, over the famous Kuari Pass to Joshimath, which place we had chosen as our main base. By "living off the country" we were able to reduce our transport to a minimum. This saved us a great deal of time and anxiety.

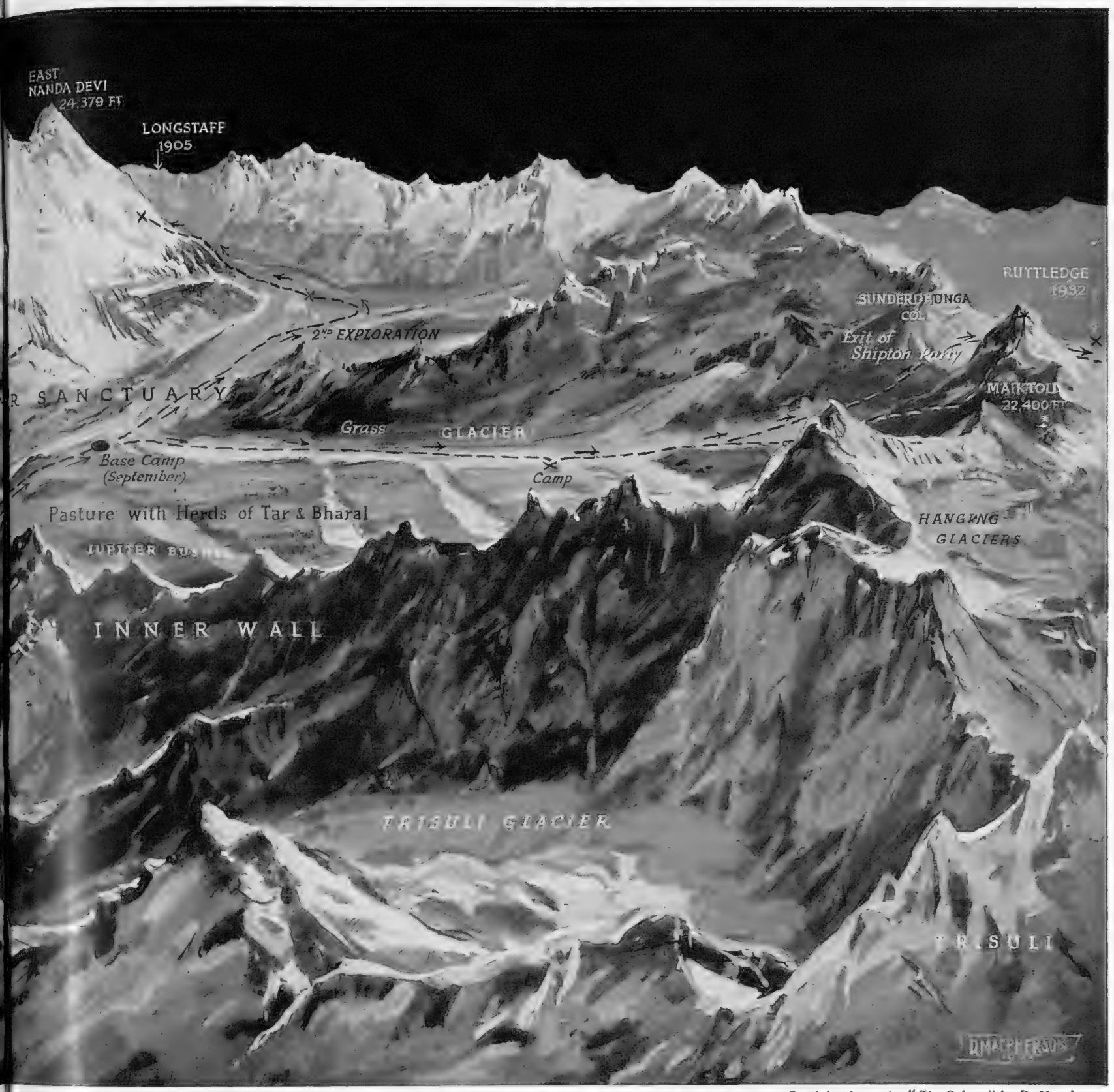
With eleven Dotials and eight men recruited from the tiny village of Saurai Tota we set out across the passes into the Rishi Ganga. The desertion of the Saurai Tota men after the first day produced a crisis which threatened to wreck our plans at the very outset, besides robbing us of local knowledge which would have helped us a lot in the early stages of our journey. However, the Dotials shouldered enormous loads, and followed us with wonderful determination.

It was early in the season and we floundered for nearly two days through snow, waist deep, before we could get across the first pass.

On May 28, in a heavy snow storm, we reached the junction of the Rhamani stream with the Rishi Ganga. This was the farthest point previously reached in this direction. Here we established a base camp, discharged our faithful Dotials, and began our search for a way across the grim precipices of the upper valley into the untrodden basin beyond.

The gorge we were now in is a most fantastic affair. This is not surprising when it is realized that it forms the only outlet for all the water rising from the glacier system of the basin, representing some 200 square miles of ice. The cliffs of the upper canyon rising almost sheer out of the river bed to form peaks of 20,000 ft., resemble nothing so much as the fabulous conception of some old-time wood-engraver.

Only four miles separated us from our goal, but it took nine days to find a way and relay through into the basin enough food to last us for three weeks. We had left dumps of food at intervals down the Rishi against our return. It was at once obvious that to make even a rough exploration of the basin in the time available was out of the question, and we decided to



Specially drawn for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson

between May and September, 1934, when they forced their way through anga Gorge, up which Dr. T. G. Longstaff made his desperate attempt in wo Englishmen and three Sherpa porters crossed the tremendous inally emerging triumphantly in the "Inner Sanctuary." The country in haral roamed over the rolling grassland, there were wild birds of consider- explored the northern glacier basin of Nanda Devi (on left of diagram) and asin and to climb the lower slopes of the giant peak itself. In September een referred to by Mr. Ruttledge as "a masterpiece of ice-craft." Thus lso shows the various points reached by other climbers who in the past the sanctuary

concentrate on the northern section, and to return to investigate the southern section after the monsoon had left those parts.

The country in which we found ourselves was lovely beyond description. The delicate beauty of rolling grassland, gay with wild flowers, was in superb contrast with the savage ruggedness of the gorge from which we had emerged. There were birds of considerable variety and brilliant colour, and large herds of tar and bharal. These creatures gazed with curiosity and mild indignation at us, intruders who had infringed the sanctity of their seclusion. For three glorious weeks we were privileged to travel in this shrine of Nature's loveliness. All about us was mountain architecture more magnificent even than the great southern battlements of Everest.

On June 24 the monsoon broke. This surprised us, as we had not expected it for at least another two weeks. However, it coincided almost exactly with the exhaustion of our food supply, and we could not complain. Two days later we retreated to the Rishi Ganga. The rivers were enormously swollen, and had carried away our puny bridges. This delayed us, and a series of forced marches had to be made against the exhaustion of our meagre food dumps.

To the north of Joshimath lies the Badrinath Range, which gives birth to the three sacred rivers—Bhagirathi, Madakini, and Alaknanda—the three parent tributaries of the Ganges. Though the birthplace of the holy river of India is the goal of all devout Hindus, little is known about the topography of the watershed itself. A mass of fascinating legends and semi-mythical stories centre round these parts. Of these Hindu literature is full.

During July and August, when monsoon conditions would have made exploratory work in the Nanda Devi district impossible, we

(Continued on p. 376)

A typical peak in the seventy-mile range of mountains encircling Nanda Devi

A HIMALAYAN MATTERHORN

A GOLDEN ISLE IN A GOLDEN SUNSET: A view of cloud-capped Cocos from the sea. The island is situated some 550 miles south-south-west of Panama, and during the past fifty years has attracted hundreds of adventurers—seekers after the treasure reputed to be buried there

The expedition which last autumn had to abandon its hunt for the buried treasure on Cocos Island, has now set out on another attempt in re-constituted form under the leadership of Commander Frank Worsley of Antarctic fame, and a few days ago left Lowestoft in the 100-ton drifter, Veracity. *In the following article Mr. J. W. Harris gives some interesting and little-known facts regarding conditions on this mysterious Pacific island which, although consisting of only 20 sq. miles, has never been properly mapped.*

COCOS ISLAND is not even to be found on the majority of maps, and, on others, is represented merely as a tiny speck. Though out of the usual shipping tracks of to-day, it was however a mere century ago a welcome sea-mark and port-of-call for such piratical gentlemen as Henry Morgan, Davis, Bonito, and Thompson. The latter's only known fall from grace in honest trading to piracy may be said to have been responsible during the past fifty years for the innumerable expeditions which have landed on the island to search for the reputedly valuable treasures which, tradition and apparently truth have it, he secreted on the island.

No authentic records exist that any portion of the treasures buried by him and other equally notorious sea-faring gentlemen has ever been recovered, despite the fact that several acres of ground have been tunnelled and blasted with explosive by many treasure seekers, though, may it be said, largely on the faith placed on fictitious and manufactured clues! Included among the many adventurous souls who have visited Cocos Island on treasure-seeking bent are Admiral Palliser, Lord Fitzwilliam, and as recently as 1925 Sir Malcolm Campbell, the racing motorist.

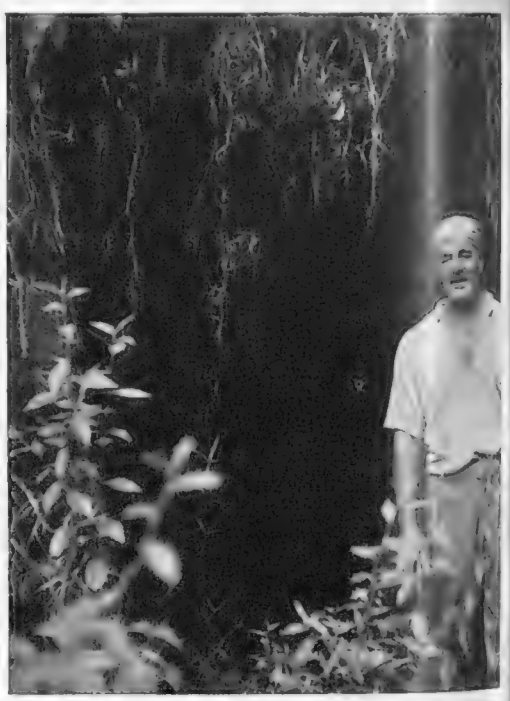
As a member of the recent Expedition which left England for Cocos Island, the author discovered, during the somewhat foreshortened stay, a multitude of attractions in and about this unexplored spot. The map of the island published by the Admiralty on the results of a survey made in 1897, indicates only the general form of the coast line. The interior has never been mapped or even explored for any distance, and it is questionable if this will ever be effected. The general impenetrability of the dense vegetation which clothes the entire island, the extremely rugged and strongly undulating surface configuration over its total area of some twenty square miles, together with its excessive rainfall and generally poor conditions of visibility, militate against even a partial survey being carried out.

The island attains a height of about 2,800 ft. in a much denuded volcanic cone situated near the south-western corner of the island. Rarely is this peak totally visible, owing to the fact that dense rain clouds are almost always to be observed obscuring the higher parts of the island at all seasons of the year. Below 2,000 ft., the surface is gashed deeply by a large number of steep-sided ravines and gullies, which have been worn for countless centuries out of the volcanic soils and deposits of which the island is composed, by streams of ordinary rain-water. Undulating knife-edged ridges and rugged hills are prominent features throughout the whole island, and it is questionable if there is a relatively flat area of any size on Cocos.

With the exceptions of Chatham and Wafer Bays on the northern side, the coast everywhere presents a continuous and unbroken line of almost unscalable cliffs, varying from 300 to 600 ft. in height, and against which seas break with a thunderous roar. Over these grimly magnificent rock buttresses, there plunge at intervals a number of gorgeous cascades.

Owing to the excessive rainfall to which the island is accustomed annually, the entire surface is densely covered with cecropia trees, bushes, and creeping plants. The cliffs surrounding Chatham and Wafer Bays are so thickly overgrown with the prevailing vegetation that one speculates seriously on one's chances of reaching their crests without dangerous mishap. The cliffs almost everywhere are festooned with masses of tendrils and the thread-like fronds of parasitic plants, and it is certainly on Cocos Island that "King Chlorophyll" holds despotic sway.

Wafer Bay possesses a good beach with a beautiful fringe of coco-nut palms extending for a quarter of a mile. A small stream empties into the Bay and this may be used in effecting a landing on the higher part of the beach between tides by small boat. On the right bank of this stream or creek, in the midst of a grove of coco-nut palms, is to be found the site of former treasure seekers' camps, while the stretch of flat ground beyond is that on which so much excavation for the "elusive millions" has been made. Numerous tunnels and old shafts testify to



AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED: The entrance to one of the tunnels dynamited by past treasure seekers and now partly overgrown

DEFYING THE TREASURE HUNTER: The palm-fringed shore of Cocos Island, showing the dense jungle stretching away into the interior. This is one of the few places where a landing can be effected, for the coast consists largely of a line of almost unscalable cliffs

TREASURE ISLAND

Cocos—Magnet of the Adventurous

By J. W. HARRIS, B.Sc., Ph.D.

IN SEARCH OF WEALTH: The converted Lowestoft drifter, *Veracity*, which is now on its way out to Cocos Island

TROPICAL LOVELINESS: A typical scene in a clearing on the island

former feverish activity, but are difficult to find because of the concealment, at times dangerous, afforded by the insidious growth of creeping plants and bushes. These excavations have been made in a tough dark red clay, of such excellent texture and cohesion that no propping or other support of roof and walls is necessary.

Exploration into the interior, except along the water-courses, is laborious in the extreme, demanding constant cutting with machete of the matted vegetation. One mile per hour may be accepted with satisfaction as good progress. Penetration inland by way of the streams, though less arduous, is nevertheless time-consuming also, since the courses are everywhere strewn with lava boulders which are frequently piled up in such profusion that progress must of necessity be made on "all fours." The scenery on either bank, however, makes up for any discomforts in travel, and one passes through a world of green which is ever-changing in its lights and shades.

The bird life of Cocos Island is disappointing in variety. Sea-birds make their nests in great colonies on the small rocky islets around the coast, and are represented by man-of-war birds, dun-coloured boobies, and white noddy terns. Perched in large numbers among the foliage of the trees, the latter at a distance give the impression that the trees are covered with white blossoms. On the shore small groups of turnstones are to be seen industriously foraging for dainty morsels concealed underneath pebbles, and a few sprightly ring-plovers trip daintily about the strand.

Of the life of the sea surrounding Cocos Island, little is yet known. Sharks are so numerous that they prove to be a serious aggravation to pleasant or profitable fishing. Barracuda, wahoo, and the dolphin are common and excellent game fish. On the coral floor of Chatham Bay and in the tide pools of Wafer Bay, species of inshore fish abound in large numbers. They are of all colours, shapes and sizes, and their systematic examination and collection would be a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the life of tropic seas. Some are deep black with orange fins and tail, others a sky blue with small white markings, others again emerald green. Unfortunately, after death these gorgeous hues fade and are replaced by a drab grey over all.

NATURE'S BARRIER: A mountain stream cascading through the undergrowth on its way to the sea. The creeping plants shown here cover practically the whole island, and render it extremely difficult for explorers or surveyors to reach the interior

THE FRENCH HUEY LONG

Deputy Philibert Besson who, like the Louisiana Dictator, is Gaining an Ever-increasing Number of Adherents with His "Programme for the People"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

VERY few people in the United States laugh any longer at the self-styled "Kingfish," Senator Huey Long, Governor and Dictator of Louisiana (there is the testimony on this score of the *New York Times Magazine*, February 10). Long says he will have 15,000,000 members in his nation-wide "Share the Wealth Clubs" by this midsummer. And he adds that he is going to stand for the Presidency next time, as a Third Party candidate, when he will sweep the country. Very few, even in Washington, now openly scoff when Huey Long ventures this kind of thing over the air, whose most listened-to current affairs commentator the Kingfish is, beside Father Coughlin, "the Radio Priest of Detroit."

When Huey Long copiously draws on the Scriptures, when he repeats the old Bryan slogan, "Every Man a King," when he tells America he has given up drink because it made him fight people, when the Kingfish says that in his approaching realm-to-be no man shall possess an income of more than £200,000 per annum, or total capital exceeding £600,000, he doesn't draw mirth explosions any longer, but widespread attentiveness. Where tens of millions held their sides but a year or two ago—wasn't the clown once knocked out in a cloakroom fight at Long Beach?—to-day all America regards this astounding throw-up of the great dislocation as a formidable national figure, growing ever more so, or dangerous, according to how one looks at it, dangerous as "the consolidator of the forces of unrest and unhappiness." Where once was only ridicule, now a remarkable brain and great political astuteness are conceded.

Something along the above lines was printed in these pages not long since. If I recapitulate slightly, it is the better to introduce Deputy Philibert Besson, unknown out of France if increasingly known within her borders, something of a French Huey Long if still right back where the Kingfish was several years ago. Philibert is still greatly a figure of fun, there's no denying that, yet please note this kind of thing: by means of "Philibert Besson Bread," distributed daily from 300 centres in Paris, the French Huey Long not long since dared to undersell the officially fixed price by 30 centimes a lb. loaf with the result that the Flandin Ministry had to come down to the Philibert Besson price of 1 franc 45 centimes a kilo (2 lbs.) That rather struck people. Could this curious deputy, this fugitive from justice by motor-cycle and aeroplane, really be such a pure figure of fun or mightn't there be something in him? Philibert's histrionic antics had for long provided newspaper headlines; hadn't the Press perhaps over-ridiculed their subject?

As indicative of Philibert's mounting publicity-vogue, the serious weekly, *Candide*, has just published a leader on him, a leading article based on letters of enquiry despatched to the fellow's constituents in the Haute-Loire. Here is the second paragraph of that leader:—

> From the replies received, it seems that Besson is what one would call a sympathetic character. He fought a very fine war, coming back as a lieutenant, wounded and mentioned in dispatches. A little fantastic, no doubt, but with guts and independence, that is to say, with the courage to utter certain truths.

Now, I am not boosting Philibert as a prospective coming national figure in the Republic. He may collapse like a pricked balloon. I am merely presenting a currently highly original character and one who is seeking to do much the same thing as the Kingfish over there: gather together the forces of unrest and unhappiness in an era simply creeping with the most obvious played-out-ness and with things crying out loud to be changed or done.

Philibert is not yet thirty-seven—five years younger than the Kingfish. An engineer by calling, he swiftly rose to be a chief-engineer with the Mercantile Marine—he was on the Committee of Enquiry into the *Atlantique* burning, which hardly suggests that he is as daft as some people say. Mayor of his little native Vorey, in the Haute-Loire, he has been re-elected fourteen times altogether, in as many elections, either for mayor, municipal councillor, or deputy in the Chamber. He has been suspended and even removed from office by the President of the Republic for "going out after the powerful ones of the day and protecting my own people" (*vide* Besson). But it is only since 1932, when he was elected by the important constituency of Le Puy, as an Indépendant, that Philibert has gained the public eye. His performance since then has been picturesquely and, one might opine, studiedly "Huey Long."

PROPOUNDING THE FÉDÉRISTE FAITH: Philibert Besson addressing his supporters at an open-air meeting

Philibert is a queer figure to meet in the corridors of the Chamber. He comes at you, all exalted-like, and his garb is also unique for such parts. He wore a grey suit, elastic-sided boots, a violet coat (too short), and a soft grey hat which he removed with Tartarin gesture as he extended a most gripping hand. How pleased Philibert clearly was that his name should have crossed the Channel! In appearance: something of the peasant, with rosy cheeks, bald, with drooping side-hair, sharp nose, and sparkling eyes behind pince-nez. But the chief thing about Philibert is his loquacity, inwardly alight as he is with his Cure-for-my-Country's-Ills. Shortly a book will appear about that, with the predestined title, *Peuple, Tu Es Trahi!*

Well, Philibert talked twenty to the dozen, and I am hardly going to put down a word of it since it was nine-tenths about his trouble with the police and the judicial authorities. Philibert clearly suffers from a measure of persecution mania (so does Huey, who goes round with a dozen strong-arm guys, bawling that his life is in danger). Nevertheless, it is so that Philibert has been in prison—that warrants are out for him at this moment—and that many people consider that he is being pursued by the powerful interests he is daring to combat. Philibert told me that his first offence, committed in 1928, was securing two unpaid bills from a lawyer who was overcharging him. The result was a free fight (Huey also fights), and then an escape from the police on his motor-cycle, resulting in a prison sentence by default. That sentence—of two months—Philibert still has to serve, and it is on its *soi-disant* account that he has just seen his immunity as a deputy lifted once again. When this happens—as it does periodically—Philibert either disappears up the route nationale on his *moto* or else into the blue, by air, for the security of Brussels. It was on a recent return from the Belgian capital—his immunity from arrest having been restored—that Philibert launched and got away with his Bread Plan. Where he is hereabouts may be guessed—probably in Brussels again, because I see that, in raising his immunity last time, a week or two ago, the *Rapporteur* also announced that in his opinion Philibert ought to be in a home, or, more precisely, *en observation dans une maison de santé, sa responsabilité étant atténuée.* I, for one, certainly don't agree outright with that. I have talked with far stranger people who continue to circulate free as the air. Actually, the day he left me, he was going to address a big meeting outside the semi-stagnant Citroën works. He was going to exhort:—

> Workers, technicians, agents, your right to life and to work are in danger. There's no further solution possible under the gold system.
>
> 20,000 workers who ask only to work.
>
> 2,000 tried technicians.
>
> 3,000 agents offering their product.
>
> A good car, fruit of your labour, desired by the client.
>
> What alone is missing? MONEY!
>
> But MONEY must be nothing else but MOBILIZED WORK!
>
> Accept half your wages in money and the other half in the monetization of your own labour. Thus you will be able to exchange half your wages with other workers producing wheat, wine, meat, clothing, etc. Liberate yourselves from a broken-down financial system!
>
> How to realise this? You have the RIGHT, the FORCE, the DUTY to take possession of the plant!
>
> I accept to be at your head. The WORKERS HAVE THE RIGHT TO BE MASTERS OF THEIR INSTRUMENTS OF WORK!

Communism? It is also not so very widely removed from some of Huey Long's wilder Share-the-Wealth harangues. Anyway, it is pure Philibert and explains why the powers-that-be don't like him on the loose. The appeal of this kind of thing at the present most exceptional time, coming from a demagogue widely known and who has already brought off one dramatic coup, need not be laboured. Philibert, daft or sane, probably has a bigger following, outside Communists, than his ridiculers imagine. Irrealizable his ideas may be, and all wrong and confiscatory also, yet where this French Kingfish wins adherents lies in his being so stridently out for *acts*, for *doing something*, for not standing complacently or "can't-do-any-more" pat. Nor does the surge appear to be privy to France alone.

Actually, Philibert has worked out his salvation policy under three main heads: Bread, Work, Peace. The movement is called the *Fédériste*, and its real animator—its Major Douglas—is said to be a second engineer named Archer. Philibert admits that the Bread Plan was considerably "Archer," and the general view seems to be that Philibert supplies chiefly the ballyhoo and Archer the thinking. A new coin has been invented called the *Europa*, and parts of it would correspond to so much meat, cotton, work, or wine. The *Europa* would essentially be on a wheat-gold basis. It is all very confusing and need not be gone into at any length here.

Scientifically organized barter with foreign countries is further demanded, and much credit and international industrial cartelling. A particular offensive is that against any further machinery save to provide (a) electricity, (b) new means of transport such as aerial cable railways. But no more machinery calculated to throw further millions out of work in spheres already showing a staggering capacity to glut!

Finally, Philibert of course makes great play with that staple of the general cost of living, and his own trump card, Bread. He shows that before he took action and brought growers, millers, bakers, delivery-boys, and consumers tightly together, the price of a 2-lb. loaf worked out as follows: Agriculturist got 65 centimes, miller 12 centimes, transporter 16 centimes, baker 20 centimes, delivery-boys 22 centimes, making 1 franc 35 centimes, and leaving a clear profit of 60 centimes to trusters, middlemen, and kindred parasites. With the Philibert loaf, these latter gentry now only get 10 centimes, the public gaining the 50 centimes withdrawn from them. Philibert wants to extend this system all round, and some bewildered and hard-hit people are asking, "why not?"

So that is Philibert Besson, an odd (and no doubt dangerous) bird with a growing following. And ever harassed by the police and the arm of the law. The pair almost suspiciously want to get him because Philibert's offences have been truly unserious for a contemporary French politician. He has "bawled out" a magistrate (so like Huey); he has laid hands upon a gendarme (again, so like the Kingfish); he secured some legal accounts he didn't like; and he has shot off out of harm's way on his *moto* or hired 'plane. Just now the notion is not only to show Philibert the door of the Chamber but to do what has not even been done with the infinitely more venal Stavisky deputies awaiting trial: delete Philibert's £800 a year salary as deputy. Then, they say, he won't be able to afford aeroplanes or *moto* vanishings any more!

Yet perhaps Philibert's gravest peril is that *maison de santé*. Once in one of those in France . . .

European Survey

A MILITARY RITE: A detachment of Italian troops leaving the Castel Sant' Angelo, Rome, after they had taken part in the ceremony of withdrawing from the building the colours of the now disbanded regiment of Vercelli Lancers. The flag was then conveyed to the Cavalry School at Pinerolo and put in a place of honour

REWARD OF SELF-SACRIFICE: Dr. Vaillant, the famous radiologist, who has lost both his arms during research work, being made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour in recognition of his services to science. The ceremony was performed by General Mariaux in the courtyard of the Invalides, Paris

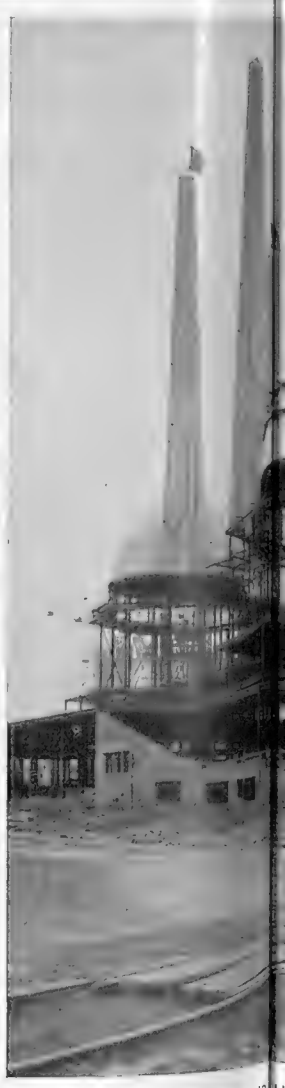
THE INSPIRED MASTER OF ORATORIO: Visitors inspecting the statue of Handel after Dr. Alfred Rosenberg had inaugurated the celebrations held at Halle, Lower Saxony, on the 250th anniversary of the great musician's birth in that town

HONOURED GUESTS: M. Contenot, of the City Council, shaking hands with British soldiers when they paid a visit to the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, while on their way back to England from the Saar

THE BOULEVARD DU CENTENAIRE: A view from the Grand Palais of the magnificent main thoroughfare along which King Leopold will drive when he arrives to open the Brussels Exhibition on April 27. This great display, which will deal with practically every phase of industrial and social life, will be the grand finale to the celebration of the centenary of Belgium's independence. It will be on a much more elaborate scale than the Antwerp Exhibition of a few years ago

AN ARCHITECTURAL EXPERIMENT

The vast central hall of the Grand Palais, a permanent structure in concrete. It is over 100 ft. high, 500 ft. long, and is supported by single span arches

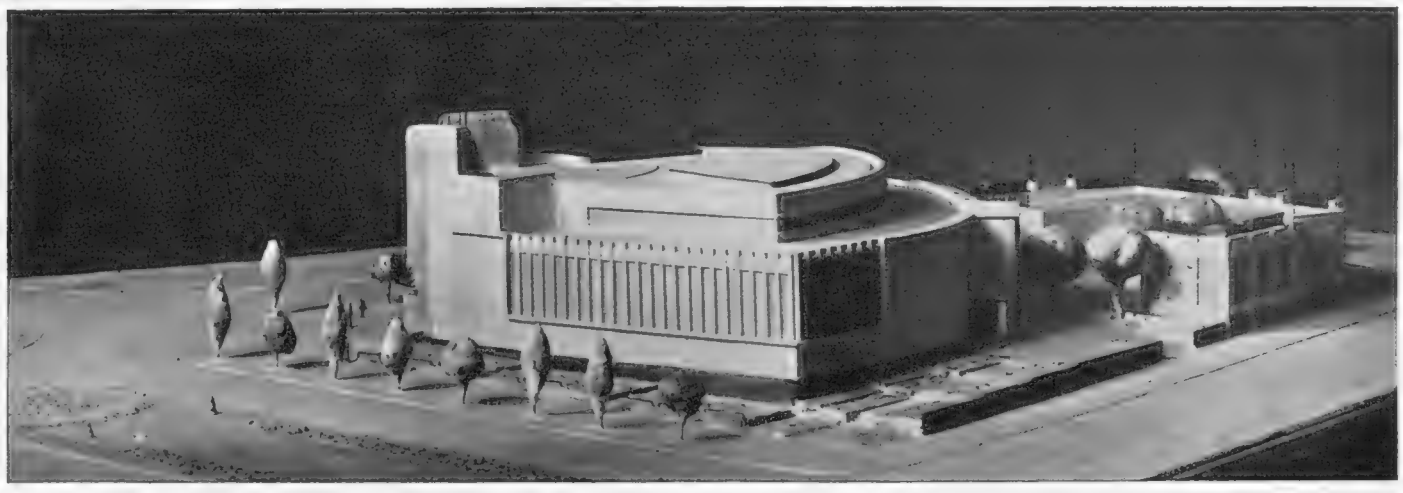


THE PAVILION OF CATHOLIC LI relating to the activities of three domes, and a numbe

THE COMING BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

First Pictures of the Great Buildings in Course of Construction on a 340-Acre Site near the Royal Park of Laeken

THE MAIN ENTRANCE: The imposing colonnade being erected at the end of the Boulevard du Centenaire. The exhibition grounds occupy a large part of the beautiful plateau of the Heysel, near the Royal Park of Laeken



One of many striking buildings at the exhibition carried out in the modern manner

THE DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG PAVILION

A balcony in the vast central hall of the Grand Palais, the principal building in the exhibition grounds

MODERN SIMPLICITY

LIFE where there will be a series of displays ties of the church. When completed it will have a number of towers each surmounted by a cross

WHISKY: THE GOLDEN GOOSE

WHISKY IN THE MAKING: A battery of stills at Glenlossie

A WEE DOCH AN' DORIS: Sandy, of Mortlach Distillery, enjoys a drop of the best

By CHARLES GRAVES

It is a real curiosity of to-day that with the exception of one small pamphlet published at the time of the Wembley Exhibition of 1924, there does not exist any book, work, thesis, treatise, or history on the subject of one of the country's greatest industries—I refer, of course, to whisky. It is impossible to count the number of books on wines. There are anthologies on beer. I suppose the distillers have gone on the theory that good spirit needs no bush. All the same, it is rather odd. As you can guess, this is rather in the nature of a yelp of protest, because I had expected to find, ready-made, all kinds of information about it, which would have been very topical in view of the very strong likelihood that the duty on whisky is going to be reduced at the forthcoming Budget. Though not a great whisky drinker myself it is pleasant to realise that Mr. Neville Chamberlain realises at last that his predecessors have been slowly killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

When the spirit duty was increased to 72s. 6d. a gallon, just fifteen years ago, the Chancellor of the Exchequer budgeted for an increase in revenue of £22,000,000 to make a total of £64,000,000. Not only did he over-estimate the revenue by £10,000,000, but year after year this revenue has declined, until last year it decreased to less than £30,000,000: in other words, less than half what the Chancellor of the Exchequer expected in 1920. It would be difficult, therefore, to find a more brilliant instance of a long-established and well-tried branch of revenue withering up because of excessive pruning. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and his advisers now estimate that a reduction of the duty by 22s. 6d. (thus bringing it back to the 1919 level) would result in an increase of at least 15 per cent. in the consumption in the first year, which, however, would mean a loss of £6,000,000 in revenue. The distillers are more optimistic. They think that if by any chance there were a loss of revenue in the first year, it would rapidly result in an increase thereafter because of the fillip given to its sale at the lower price.

Meantime, we find that the amount of whisky drunk, according to the latest figures, is sunk to a new low level, despite the boomlet in almost everything else. A practical example of this is furnished by the fact that the number of distilleries at work in Scotland was 133 when war broke out. To-day it is only a third of that number. It so happens, by the nature of distillation of whisky, that the number of men employed in distilleries is not so large as one might expect. At the same time, there has been a tremendous loss of employment and decrease in profits (from which income tax is, of course, derivable) to blenders, wholesale and retail distributors, and to the many allied industries like coopers, coppersmiths, builders, bottle makers, and machinery manufacturers. Most tragic of all, however, is the plight of the farmers in the barley growing areas of Scotland. Week after week passes at the Elgin Grain Market without any transaction in barley. The same happens at other centres and is causing the greatest uneasiness among one of the most loyal classes of people in the country. The distillers are doing their best to alleviate the situation. They are using nothing but Scottish barley although it costs very considerably more than foreign barley. At the same time, there is not enough whisky drunk to make it possible to absorb all the Scottish barley in this country.

Yes, it is good to think that Mr. Chamberlain has at last realized that it is no good putting the cart before the horse, in fact, that the horse draws the cart. It shows a practical grasp of the situation which has been sadly lacking among all political postillions of the past.

One of the peculiarities of whisky is that you can build two distilleries brick for brick in exact alignment on the same river a couple of miles apart; and yet, though the machinery is the same and the water is taken out of the same river, one will be a high-grade product and the other will not. There was a classic example of this on the River Spey when a distiller was having such a success with his product that he decided to duplicate it, with the above result. Nobody seemed able to explain this anomaly. It is equally inexplicable that whisky can only be successfully produced in Scotland and in parts of Ireland. There has never been such a thing as an English whisky. At the beginning of the century an effort was made to produce a Welsh whisky at Ruthin in Denbighshire. It was not a success. Occasionally on the Continent you are given a frantic beverage which claims to be French whisky. No. For some reason, Scotland is the place.

But how is whisky made? The origin of distillation of spirits from cereals is lost in antiquity. Whisky itself is believed to be a contraction of the Celtic usquebaugh (aquavita). The earliest mention of it in Scottish records dates back to the fifteenth century.

The actual production of Scotch whisky is interesting. After the barley has had all the dust removed, it is conveyed to the steeps where the process of malting is begun by soaking it in pure cold water. It is then taken to the malting floors, where germination takes place.

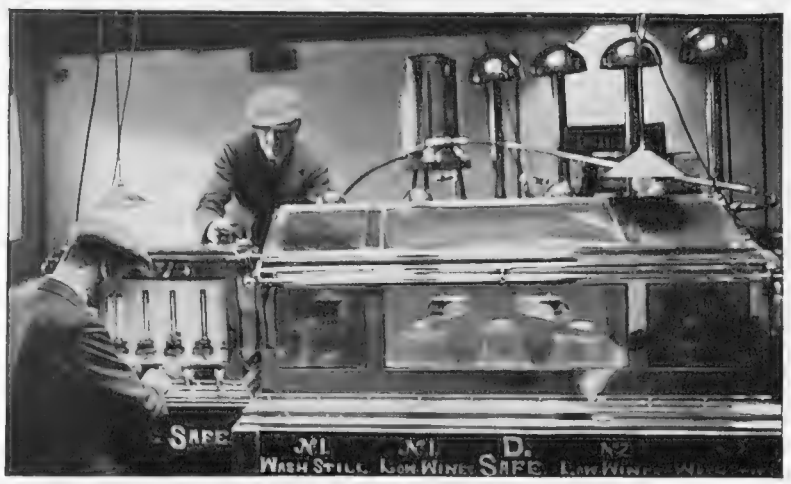
PRELIMINARY PROCESSES: The fermenting bach where the yeast is put in and the liquid is prepared for distillation

After a fortnight the green malt, as it is called, is taken to the kiln, the floor of which is made of wire mesh so that the whole heat and smoke from the peat fire below can pass up through it for a period of three or four days. It is this drying with the peat fire which gives you that smoky taste. The malt is then stored for five or six weeks until it is taken off to be ground. By this time it is known as grist, and it is conveyed to a mashing machine to be mixed with hot water as it drops into the tun.

In this way the saccharine in the malt is extracted and the liquid, now termed worts, is strained out. It is then cooled and pumped to the fermenting bachs where a small amount of yeast is put in. After two or three days the liquid, now termed wash, is ready to be distilled. The first process here is to boil it. As this goes on, the spirit comes off in the form of vapour which, after passing through many copper pipes under cold water, is condensed. The spirit so produced is not yet either pure enough or strong enough to use as whisky, so it goes through the same process all over again through a second still.

As you may recall from my account of a visit to a brewery, there is a distinct similarity between the two processes. Afterwards, of course, beer is drunk rapidly. Whisky has to be aged. Moreover, when it is blended, as many as thirty individual whiskies may be mixed together.

In conclusion, I can add one item to the store of your common knowledge. I am assured by a well-known distiller that if whisky is spelt with an "e" it is Irish, if it is spelt without an "e" it is Scotch.



UNDER SURVEILLANCE: As the whisky passes from one pipe to another during manufacture it is carefully examined through this spirit safe in order to determine whether the process of distillation is proceeding satisfactorily. Owing to excise regulations the safe is sealed

INDUSTRY on PARADE

At the White City and Grosvenor House

FEMININE LEGISLATORS ADMIRE A DISTINGUISHED MANNEQUIN: Miss Ruth Primrose, granddaughter of Lord Derby, displaying a new coloured fabric to an audience of past and present women M.P.s at the Textile Section of the British Industries Fair. Right to left—Mrs. H. B. Tate, Mrs. H. B. Shaw, Miss Margaret Bondfield, and Miss F. Horsbrugh

SOCIETY TAKES THE STAGE: *Above and inset*—Two of the episodes in the "Pageant of British Industries" which was arranged by Gwen Lally at the British Industries Dinner Ball held last week at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Many notabilities took part including Lady Bird (Queen of the Seas), Lady Mary Stewart (Queen of the Air), Lady Warrender (Queen of Jewels), and Mrs. Charles Sweeny (Queen of Light). Douglas Byng was a Petrol Pump

CEREMONIAL: The guard parading at the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, before being drawn up to receive the officers attending the court martial on Rear-Admiral S. R. Bailey

THE COURT *of* "NO APPEAL"

An Account of the Procedure at a Naval Court Martial

By D. K. WINSLOW

(Paymaster Lieutenant, R.N., Retired)

A COURT without a judge, and from the finding of which there is no appeal; such is a naval court martial. And while the Press to-day informs the public of the results of the current courts martial on the collision of His Majesty's Ships *Hood* and *Renown*, it will be instructive to peep behind the scenes and to see a court martial from the naval point of view.

To call a man a "sea lawyer" is to damn him. A sea lawyer is he who thinks to know the regulations inside and out when it is not part of his duty to do so, and who will produce an excuse for every action that may be called to question. Such a man is necessarily unpopular in H.M. Service, and in him we see the reason why a court martial spreads a peculiarly funereal atmosphere over the ship in which it is held. The ship that day becomes full of sea lawyers, official and unofficial; the routine is upset, and everyone is jogged from his accustomed groove. At nine o'clock the P.M.O. (Senior Medical Officer) is startled by the report of a saluting gun while enjoying his belated breakfast. "The court martial, sir," explains a marine ward-room attendant in response to his disgruntled query. That gun may be the only official salute of like nature that the accused ever receives in his life; on the findings of the court it heralds hangs his career. There is no appeal.

In the wardroom ante-room is a collection of strange officers dressed in cocked hats, frock coats, epaulettes, swords and dress sword-belts; an unaccustomed "rig" for that hour of a weekday morning, and you can tell it by their expressions. They look miserable. They are the Court and its functionaries.

Soon a messenger calls them, and they go aft in a body to the Captain's cabin, which has been cleared and turned into a temporary court-room.

Courts martial are, whenever possible, held on board ship. This makes it difficult for a civilian to exercise his privilege of attending such a function. It is little known that this is the only naval occasion to which the public are admitted as a right.

Outside the cabin, in the captain's lobby, is a heterogeneous collection of officers and men, and perhaps a reporter or two. An officer appears at the cabin door and informs them that the court "is open." They file in and sit down.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COURT: Vice-Admiral E. A. Astley-Rushton (right) leaving the barracks with a fellow officer at the lunch-hour recess during the court martia lof Admiral Bailey

It is then that the peculiar atmosphere of a naval court martial becomes most apparent; it is an atmosphere of complete unreality. At half-past nine in the morning a motley collection of officers and men are *sitting* in that sacred spot—the captain's cabin. There, at his dining table, dressed in the impractical ceremonial clothes of a past century, conscious of it, and conscious, too, of their great responsibility, sits the court. They are to try a man who is not a stranger, but one of their "Union." They know every detail of his daily life—share many of his discomforts and enthusiasms. He is a man of their service, their fleet—probably their squadron. If he is an officer, it is probable that some members of the court have been messmates with him, played games with him, and gone ashore with him for many a "rotty" party. There is nothing enlivening in trying a man whom in many ways you know better than your own brother.

The court is sworn, standing in a body they mumble the oath from a little card handed to them by the Deputy Judge Advocate, a Paymaster from the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. The accused is brought in by the Provost-Marshal with drawn sword, and the case proceeds.

Here appears a strange parallel to civil procedure. In a civil court it is permissible for the accused to object to members of the jury on grounds of possible prejudice. In a naval court martial objections may be considered on similar grounds, but here the accused is objecting to his judges and jury in one. They declare the verdict and pass sentence.

If there are no objections, the charge is read, and the accused identified by the first witness, who testifies that he was borne on the books of the ship when the offence was committed. This establishes the fact that he was under naval jurisdiction at the time.

As the witnesses are called one by one, it becomes apparent that after the accused the general atmosphere of discomfort bears hardest upon them. They have to stand to attention the whole time, and the fact induces a constant desire to fidget, stirs an unspoken prayer for a witness-box rail on which to lean. The eyes of the court, the eyes of the accused, the eyes of the spectators are all concentrated on the rigid figure of the witness. They mentally criticise his uniform, the nervous twiddle in the tips of his fingers, and the "frog" which will keep recurring in his voice.

The witnesses are heard without evidence of emotion on the part of anyone. The accused seems to absorb the icy atmosphere, and to watch the proceedings from outside himself. Occasionally the Deputy Judge Advocate interposes a protest against the asking of a leading question, for such are forbidden in naval courts; plain facts alone are allowed, and no assumption must be voiced.

DEPUTY JUDGE-ADVOCATE OF THE FLEET: Paymaster Captain J. Siddals who read the charge at the trial of Captain Sawbridge of *Renown*, who was accused, and found guilty, of hazarding his ship

The old "sea lawyer" complex gets to work when a civilian barrister is present. As a rule they are very ignorant of the procedure in naval courts. The etiquette is strange to them, and their normal court etiquette is repugnant to the naval man. They have no "m'lud" with whom to exchange an occasional quip. An effort to do so with the President of the court would be to invite an early death by frostbite. Their carefully-cherished "personality" misses fire completely in a court which is nothing if not impersonal. Moreover, a barrister, once briefed, feels he must say something to justify his existence. The court does not want to hear speeches, but to get on with its duty, and then to go ashore at seven bells to play golf, if possible. So usually naval courts are spared the polished eloquence and playing to the jury of the civil courts.

"Clear the Court." They are going to consider the verdict. The gallery once more shuffles its feet in the Captain's lobby.

Inside, the court, alone, ponders the case. Then the Deputy Judge Advocate takes the vote from the members of "proven" or "not proven." The votes are taken from the most junior member of the court upwards, so that seniority shall have no influence.

Once more the gallery is admitted, and the accused brought in. The silence now is painful. The seagulls, wheeling round the stern of the ship, seem to cry with peculiar loudness in their flight. The Deputy Judge Advocate stands up and reads the finding of the court.

(Continued on p. 376)

REAR-ADMIRAL J. A. G. TROUP, who conducted the case for the prosecution against all three officers who were court martialled last week

FLIGHT

IN THE WORLD ABOVE THE CLOUDS: The new single-seater fighter built by the Bristol Aeroplane Company, photographed during a high-speed test flight over Filton Aerodrome. It is said to be faster than any military machine at present in service in any country, and has been submitted to the Air Ministry to compete with four other new models as a replacement type for the R.A.F.

THE ONLY FLOATING DOCK FOR SEAPLANES: This is anchored in Pembroke Harbour and is equipped with workshops where every kind of repair can be effected. In "The Sphere" of February 2 a picture appeared of one of the four new Singapore flying boats being overhauled here before leaving for the East

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A Grim Picture of Life in a Seaport in Mr. James Hanley's Latest Novel

"Men Never Know" — Fräulein Vicki Baum's Convincing and Moving Love Story

YOUTH STATES ITS VIEWS: Mr. David Huxley, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, Miss Dorothy Hyson, and Mr. Alan Campbell Johnson at the sherry party given at Christ Church, Oxford, to celebrate the publication of *Growing Opinions*—a symposium of the ideas of the younger generation edited by Mr. Campbell Johnson and issued by Messrs. Methuen. Miss Hyson contributed an essay on "Careers for Women"

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

"BOTH in size and scope" say the publishers of Mr. James Hanley's THE FURYS (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.) "this is a big book." It is. 550 pages of it; a regular thumb-acher.

Its scope is just as big as the life of a working-class family in an English seaport, which might be Liverpool, will allow it to be. Such a theme, or indeed any theme, can only be measured by the stature of the author. That the family of the Furys live in a perpetual squalor, conduct their perpetual wranglings on the same scale, and that the whole picture of them is a grim and grimy one, practically unrelieved throughout by a shaft of the light which makes life endurable, have all the purpose of the author's intent.

Heaven forbid that we should expect the author of *Boy* to turn to the tea-cup tragedies of a middle-class novel, or go gusto-ing out on to the open road with our jollier picaresque boys. But squalor, plain, stark, and unrelieved is strong meat in so large a dose, and I for one believe that such realism imposes a tremendous handicap upon a writer using the novel form. It takes a very great artist to triumph over such a handicap, and Mr. Hanley is not that—yet.

Yet the reader who persists with this novel will find in it scenes that are poignant, moving, and unforgettable.

If you are an anti-militarist and wish to express your hatred of war, a novel is as good a medium as any. But you must be a good novelist.

Miss Ethel Mannin is certainly that, and in CACTUS (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.) passionate sincerity adds verisimilitude to her narrative. The story of Elspeth Rodney begins about the time she started asking awkward questions about the Boer War. In 1934 her child starts on a similar line of questioning. Meanwhile Elspeth has led a life in which the flare-up of national hatreds and the upheavals of the Great War have played a decisive and tragic part. No wonder she has developed fierce anti-militaristic convictions to which the author gives full rein in the final chapter.

Miss Mannin deserves a good deal of praise for this book, for while she has set out for a definite purpose, she has made her tale credible, her characters real, and her story convincing enough to make one read on, unwilling to put it down.

THE STRANGERS (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is an exceptional book. It is written by Miss N. Brysson Morrison, who, a year or two ago wrote *The Gowk Storm*, which was immediately and deservedly successful.

In her newer book Miss Morrison chooses the north again as her scene, this time a lonely small island off the coast of Scotland, but the time has moved forward a hundred years, and is the present day.

Nothing from this author can be undistinguished, and there is the same quality of prose which made *The Gowk Storm* such a delight, but that other quality of hers, an indescribable magic, is missing, and the book is the poorer for it.

The principal character, an Italian boy, and his sister remained rather vague figures to me throughout the story, and I was, a little unfeelingly, quick to understand the failure of both their marriages with the local Saundersons, though not the surprisingly brutal tragedy which shatters them. There is no lack of imagination or sensitiveness in Miss Morrison's style. It is rather that one feels she has chosen an unwieldy theme.

As for Mr. Bryan Guinness's novel, LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) it is pleasant, capably written, and chiefly remarkable for an excellent study of a small boy.

Timothy, "the Trapper," who would be ten on his next birthday, and would then be given a rook rifle, had in the meantime a catapult, and "the tireless trot of the Indians that imperceptibly devours the distance." He is a delightful and spontaneously drawn character, and it is with his activities as a background that the "grown-up" part of the story proceeds.

If it were not for him, in fact, the others would seem a little banal, and more than that, a little tiresome, with their superficial loves and slightly untidy lives. Timothy, bless him, provides the unity as well as the humour, and redeems what might otherwise be an uninspired *comédie de mœurs*.

MEN NEVER KNOW, by Fräulein Vicki Baum (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.), is more than a readable novel—it is a really convincing and moving love story. It is purely and simply a love story, with a woman, her lover, and her husband as the central (I almost wrote "the only") figures. Each has subsidiary interests—the lover his orange-growing, the wife her children, and in a pre-occupied but friendly way, her husband, and the husband himself a murder trial over which he presides as judge.

Throughout the book the narrative is divided between their three view-points—a chapter to each. This is a clever trick, but not altogether a satisfactory one, because it strikes one as a too obviously easy way out for the novelist, rather than a successful experiment in technique.

But the story is genuinely, if not very deeply affecting, and I enjoyed it more than any of Fräulein Baum's work since *Grand Hotel*. It is a book one would instantly recommend to a woman friend.

A young man with a wife and two small children set out in 1930 for New York from England. When he landed he had 500 dollars in cash and no job. He had been warned that his children would be "herded into crowded day schools with niggers and the progeny of the scum of Europe," that the cost of living was terrific, and that his 500 dollars would last about one week.

He made his own discoveries, a great many of them pleasant ones, found work, lost it, found it again, and then decamped to Florida to winter there on less money than ever.

PILGRIM FATHER (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.) is the story of these four years of discovery and optimistic living, and Mr. Guy Austin is both the author and the hero, if that were not such a flamboyant word for a young man who seemed to be so nonchalant about his difficulties.

Mr. Austin's opinion of American school girls is a little hair-raising—I can only hope that he was describing the exceptions. But in general his observations are full of good sense, and sometimes good fun.

To anyone interested in the art of book and magazine illustration, Mr. James Thorpe's ENGLISH ILLUSTRATIONS: THE NINETIES (Faber & Faber. 30s.) will be of extraordinary interest.

The book itself is magnificently illustrated, and besides being written in a very entertaining way, is a fine piece of book production.

This was the period during which such considerable artists as Randolph Caldecott, du Maurier, Aubrey Beardsley and William Nicholson, and many others of the same standing were contributors to the weekly and monthly periodicals, a state of affairs which seems difficult to realise nowadays.

Books written about children are sometimes patronising. They are sometimes sentimental. And sometimes they fall into the worst error of all and are an attempt at expressing a child's thoughts in a child's words. The last method would be perfection if it were ever properly done, but the very fact that the author is "grown-up" seems to make it an impossibly difficult task. So it never happens.

In FOREIGNERS (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.) the author takes none of these courses. He explains a child's reactions and feelings in the simplest language, but it is his own language and not an artificially childish one.

The story is told from the point of view of a little boy living in a particularly rugged Yorkshire fishing village, Bramblewick, which we have met in Mr. Walmsley's other novels. In the other books, however, Bramblewick was shown only as the background to the fishermen's lives; a starting-point for adventurous voyages or a haven at their end. Now we have the life in Bramblewick itself, and from a landsman's point of view.

A BOOK LIST

METHUEN.—PLEASURE TROVE. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. THE CONQUEST OF UGLINESS: A Collection of Contemporary Views on the Place of Art in Industry. Edited by John de la Valette. With a Foreword by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. 8s. 6d. GRAYSON & GRAYSON.—SPADA THE BANDIT: The Autobiography of Andre Spada—Last of the Corsican Bandits. Edited by Robert Darrell. 8s. 6d. EAGLE'S NEST. By Dunn Severick. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—PREFACE TO PEACE: A Guide for the Plain Man. By Norman Angell. 7s. 6d. EGO: The Autobiography of James Agate. Illustrated. 18s. THE FENLAND PRESS.—WALKING IN ENGLAND. By Geoffrey Trease. Paper, 2s. Cloth, 3s. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—TWO MONTHS' GRACE. By Peter Stucley. 7s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—THE GHOST WIFE. By Jean Devanny. 7s. 6d. GORDON. By Bernard M. Allen (Great Lives). 2s. JONATHAN CAPE.—FOREIGNERS. By Leo Walmsley. 7s. 6d. SUSAN AND JOANNA. By Elizabeth Cambridge. 7s. 6d. MORE LIVES THAN ONE. By J. E. C. Borne. 7s. 6d. THE POACHER. By H. E. Bates. 7s. 6d. AMERICAN SONG. A book of Poems by Paul Engle. 5s. LOVE ON THE DOLE. A play by Ronald Gow and Walter Greenwood. 3s. 6d. MILLS & BOON.—LADY BY MARRIAGE. By Elizabeth Carfrae. 7s. 6d. CHIEF MATE. By Marjorie M. Price. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—SOLE DEATH. By Stephen McKenna. 7s. 6d. HORSES, JOCKEYS AND CROOKS: Reminiscences of Thirty Years' Racing. By Arthur J. Sarl. A Foreword by the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lonsdale. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THE STRANGE BOARDERS OF PALACE CRESCENT. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER. THE CARDINAL'S NIECE: The story of Marie Mancini. By Faith Compton Mackenzie. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JOHN LONG.—MY FIRST LIFE: A Biography by Brenda Dean Paul. Written by herself. 18s. Illustrated. SECRETS OF A ROYAL HOUSE. By Marie Louise, Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach with Paul Maerker Branden and Elsa Branden. Illustrated. 18s. LADY CHATTERLEY'S SECOND HUSBAND. By Jehanne D'Orliac. Translated from the French by Warre Bradley Wells. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—RETURN TO PHILOSOPHY: Being a Defence of Reason—an Affirmation of Values and a Plea for Philosophy. By C. E. M. Joad. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—THE EPIC MAKERS. By Paul Morand. Translated by Stuart Gibson. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—NOTHING LIKE LEATHER. By V. S. Pritchett. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE KING OF THE JEWS. By Mary Borden. 7s. 6d. THE GARDEN OF THE PROPHET. By Kahlil Gibran. 5s. COLLINS.—THE STRANGERS By N. Brysson Morrison. 7s. 6d. FREDERICK MULLER, LTD.—THE DELIVERER OF HELEN KELLER, ANNE SULLIVAN MACY. By Nella Braddy. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—ENGLAND ON £10. By Sydney A Clark. 5s. TITANIC AND OTHER SHIPS. By Commander Lightoller. 7s. 6d. UNDUE FULFILMENT. By Kathleen Coyle. 7s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—THE THEATRE AND A CHANGING CIVILIZATION. By Theodore Komisarjevsky. 3s. 6d. THE SCANDAL OF SOPHIE DAWES. By Marjorie Bowen. 15s. THE SAAR AT FIRST HAND. By Theodor Balk. 7s. 6d. THE DOOR OPENS. By Muriel Hine. 7s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—PILGRIM FATHER: Being the Adventures of an English Family in America Through the Great Depression. By Guy K. Austin. 8s. 6d.

IN THE GRIP OF THE GALES

Ships Battle with the Waves Round the Coasts of Britain

On left—STORM TOSSED: The *Prince Leopold* struggling out of Dover Harbour in a 70-m.p.h. south-easterly gale and buffeted by giant waves. A typical scene in the Channel last week, when many vessels were in difficulties

WITH HER BOWS AWASH: The cross-Channel steamer *Isle of Thanet* heading out to sea from Dover in the teeth of the fiercest gale experienced this winter

ALMOST ENGULFED: A boat battling her way back to Scarborough Harbour after the storm had caught the fishing fleet when it was out at sea and nearly driven many of the vessels ashore

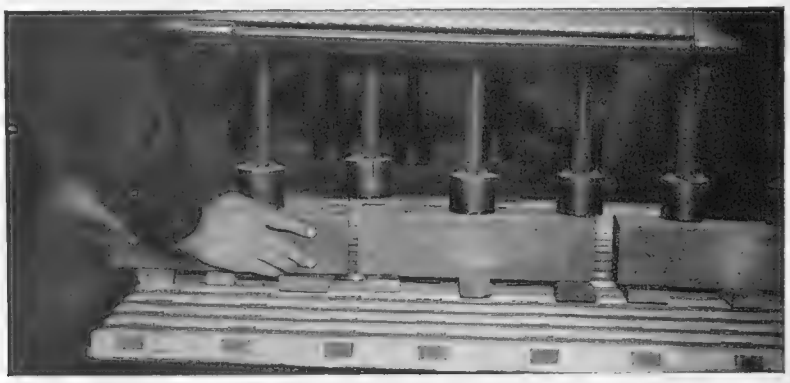
WARMTH FROM THE WINTER SEA: Quantities of coal were washed up on the Northumbrian coast following the recent storms, and cottagers in the neighbourhood gathered several tons of this welcome free fuel from the shore

A HOSPITAL FOR PICTURES

At the Vienna Museum of Historical Art

IN THE SURGERY: In the not infrequent cases when panels are found to have been painted on both sides, they are clamped in a vice and divided with a specially-constructed draw-saw

BEAUTY TREATMENT: Bubbles that appear on pictures as a result of unfavourable atmospheric conditions are removed by the injection through a syringe of a special compound of fish glue—the affected spot afterwards being ironed out



A DELICATE OPERATION: Glueing a wooden framework on to the back of one half of a panel that has been divided. This gives the picture additional strength and prevents the wood from becoming warped

CAREFUL RESTORATION: Ironing out a bubble after it has been injected with a particularly adhesive solution of glue. If the work is done with skill no trace remains of the disfigurement

CHEMICAL METAMORPHOSIS: *Left*—Applying a solution of salmiac and turpentine to a canvas with a soft pad of cotton wool in order to reveal an earlier painting hidden beneath it. *Right*—Three views of a picture before, during, and after treatment to remove an over-painting. Mechanical scraping is another method employed, but acid is never used in any circumstances

LORD KILMOREY

Gainsborough's Portrait of the 10th Viscount which has Recently been Acquired by the National Gallery

John Needham, 10th Viscount Kilmorey, was born in 1710, and this portrait of him by Gainsborough must have been painted about 1760. The 10th Viscount was a soldier, and his third son, who succeeded to the title and was made an earl, followed the same calling and achieved considerable distinction. The latter is best remembered for his action in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798 when he commanded the loyalist troops at the decisive battle of Arklow on June 9 of that year. It was largely owing to his courage and adroit planning that his minute force of 1,600 militia and yeomen succeeded in defeating after three houts of desperate fighting a body of rebels, variously estimated at from 19,000 to 34,000 men. Dublin was thus saved and the back of the rebellion was effectually broken in that part of the country. He was made a general in 1812, and during four Parliaments he sat in the House of Commons as member for the borough of Newry

Catching a large salmon in a lave-net at Oldbury-on-Severn, Gloucestershire, where the season is now in full swing. The fisherman stands at a suitable spot in the shallows of the river and pounces upon his prey with a bow-shaped net attached to a wooden frame

NETTING SALMON IN THE RIVER SEVERN

A Primitive Method of Fishing which Achieves Remarkable Results

AN UNDER-WATER DRAMA with a MORAL

The Villainous Perch Pays the Penalty of His Greed

SCENE I: The perch casts about the lake in search of a meal, and suddenly sees a tasty morsel in the shape of a crayfish

SCENE II: The innocent little crayfish which the perch attempted to devour

The three unusual pictures shown here were sent to "The Sphere" by Dr. H. W. Lissmann of the Cambridge Zoological Laboratory, and the incident took place in an Hungarian lake. Dr. Lissmann caught the perch in a net, and set the crayfish free—thus, in the traditional manner, giving the story a happy ending

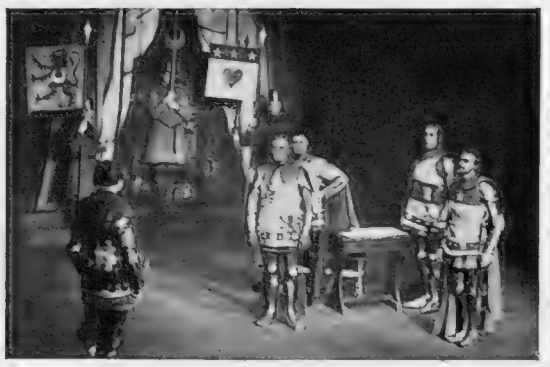
SCENE III: The crayfish proves too big a mouthful and sticks in the greedy perch's throat, choking him to death

"TURK GREGORY NEVER DID SUCH DEEDS IN ARMS AS I HAVE DONE THIS DAY": George Robey as Sir John Falstaff in Shakespeare's *Henry IV* (Part I) which began its run at His Majesty's Theatre last week. The great comedian gives a most intelligent and amusing rendering of the part, and succeeds admirably in merging his own personality with the pattern of the play

ROBEY as FALSTAFF

The Prime Minister of Mirth Gives a Diverting Performance as the Prince of Rogues

ON HIS TAVERN THRONE: Falstaff pretends to be the King lecturing his misguided son, Henry, Prince of Wales (Patrick Waddington). The scene in the Boar's Head in Eastcheap



IN THE REBEL CAMP: Hotspur (Edmund Willard), son of the Earl of Northumberland, receives word from a messenger of the approach of the King, who is coming to crush his rebellion

PLAYS of TO-DAY

Good Acting in "There Go All of Us," the Thriller at the Duke of York's: Marie Ney in the Wide Open Spaces

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

THE BLUFF THAT WORKED: A scene from *Youth at the Helm*, the new comedy at the Globe. Owen Nares (centre) takes the part of Randolph Warrender, the young man who, being out of a job, walks into the head office of a leading bank and pretends he is on the staff. He soon makes himself indispensable, and is seen here haranguing the chairman, the managing director, and other members of the board about a new company he is proposing to float

THE success of certain plays often lies in the fact that the majority of playgoers find considerable satisfaction in solving, in advance of the final curtain, any mystery lurking in the play they watch.

In *There Go All of Us* Mr. Hastings Turner provides us with a murder and then . . . . . just when, if he let us play the game properly, we should be discovering the murderer to be the native servant who was hardly seen in the play, and who had an excellent motive, it was not the native servant! It was, in fact, the only person accused; for whom, to fool us, he provides legal exoneration.

Consequently, one leaves the theatre after *There Go All of Us* unable to decide whether it is a good play but bad law, or good law and a bad play.

It cannot be a good play and good law.

Barbara Keeble's married happiness in East Africa is being wrecked by Captain Hunter, who has blackmailed her husband out of all his property in exchange, not only for silence as to the past, but a present supply of morphine, of which drug he is an addict.

Captain Hunter, played well by Dennis Wyndham, is every sort of a cad, and a very hearty one. He strides heavily in riding boots, without invitation, into Barbara's bungalow.

Instead of tipping the dusky butler he peppers him outside the front door with buckshot, and, despite the gentlemanly education he had received *d'origine*, he commits the solecism of carrying into the bungalow with him his loaded rifle.

In the club he has boasted of the relationship in which, at his choice, he could stand to Barbara, who likes him so little that she offers any visitor a drink but Captain Hunter, who however, undeterred, helps himself from the bottle his hostess has removed to the next room.

So, if manners make man so they can unmake him; there comes an abrupt end to Captain Hunter's, for that loaded rifle goes off, and, riding boots and all, he crashes to the ground, while Barbara screams and runs out for assistance.

Mr. Keeble seems the most perturbed over Captain Hunter's unexpected demise and with great promptness obtains, presumably from the dead man's pocket, the withheld morphine for which he has been bargaining. During his wife's absence he helps himself enthusiastically, and solves future difficulties by the liberality of the dose he injects into his wrist.

Barbara, with two corpses on her hands, is forlornly in need of sympathy, and in the neatest of widow's weeds, returns to England, only to find that after her departure gossip takes the place of the sympathy which has sped her away from her shock and unhappiness.

Fortunately for her, in England she makes friends with an eminent K.C., Sir Philip Holbrooke (Matheson Lang), who determines to discard his housekeeping Aunt Elizabeth and bachelordom, to install Barbara at the head of the table. Instead, however, he finds her installed in the dock of the Old Bailey, and it is his business to extricate her.

For all Matheson Lang's delivery, his speech would not have brought a tear to the eye of a professional mourner at a French funeral!

Throughout the play there is the very best of acting.

STARRING IN A REVIVAL: Joan Collier who plays the part of Polly Peachum in *The Beggar's Opera* at the Criterion

DOWN ON THE FARM: Jan Stewer (*left*) as George Growsell and Jane Harwood (*right*) as Nellie Lannacott in *Barnet's Folly*, the successful drama of Cotswold life at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Stewer is also the author of the play

"Mrs. Nobby Clark" at the Comedy Theatre, presented by Miss Marie Ney, has for its setting also the atmosphere of far-flung outposts with which *There Go All of Us* opens.

But it is a very different sort of play. The two authors, Messrs. Murray Macdonald and Gilbert Lennox, seemed to have started to write one play and then mixed up their ideas to form another.

They send their heroine out to Burma to marry a "fearfully pukka sahib," with all the traditional ideas as to the tone of voice to be adopted when addressing natives, and hospitably inclined to his circle of traditionally thirsty friends.

Marie Ney, the heroine, had been an actress, and the authors convey, as such she must upon arrival shake the colony to the core. Disapproval of her previous profession on the part of the ladies must linger at the back of their minds, despite their protestations of friendship, and observant hope on the part of the men.

Marie Ney is, however, they consider her, both a surprise and a disappointment. She does not run true to form. She is not at all like an actress, to the traditional pukka mentality. She tries to be a good housekeeper, she reads books and she likes music; she does not speak the colony's language and the colony resents it.

So much for pillorying the "pukka sahib" quite cleverly and, as well, giving at moments glimpses of the Kipling chivalry and loyalty which have glamoured the wide open spaces and established that there, and there only, are men "men."

Which Marie Ney admitted had taken *her* in, and for which glamorous reason she had transported herself, books and piano, to essay marriage in Burma!

At this point the authors appear to have forgotten the original plot of the play. Or their idea in its writing. Or perhaps the producer took a different view from theirs. For from them there is no further hint of satire. The characters continue to consume long drinks of gin and whisky, play the jazz gramophone records, they hold the parties one imagined one was intended to devise, while Miss Marie Ney tries to decide whether she can stand living among them or not.

It seemed to me that she was somewhat undecided, even at the very end of the play, and no one could have blamed her.

FINALE: The whole cast assembled on the stage during the last act of *Barnet's Folly*—a play in the same vein as *The Farmer's Wife*, which has quite evidently come to the Haymarket for a long stay. Left to right—Jane Harwood as Nellie Lannacott, Mary Jerrold as Lucy Lannacott, Herbert Lomas as Mark Lannacott, Reginald Tate as Richard Barnet, Jan Stewer as George Growsell, May Agate as Elizabeth Burridge, Judy Hallatt as Hettie Burridge, Wilson Coleman as William Burridge, Ralph Michael as Sam Burridge, and Muriel Aked as Hannah Mudge

"Henry the Fourth."—There are occasions—not very often—when the characters of a play become so real that one longs to know what further experiences befall them after the descent of a

(*Continued on p. 374*)

Oyster-coloured satin, delicately lovely and dignified, is used for this Court dress from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W. The matt side of the material forms a slender inset panel embroidered with diamanté and tiny silver sequins, and the cost of the dress, with the train, is eighteen and a half guineas

Clouds of net, ruched and frilled, emphasize the lovely slenderness of this white satin Presentation gown (below). Without the train it would be a perfect dance frock, for its line is one that has been greatly favoured in all the collections. It costs twelve and a half guineas, complete, and comes from the Younger Set Department at Harrods, of Knightsbridge

For a debutante—a picture frock that is like a dream come true. In Margaret-Rose pink net, billowing over a fitted taffeta slip, it has trails of taffeta leaves appliqued on the skirt, and the shirred net train is bordered with taffeta rose leaves. Folds of soft net give a radiantly youthful off-the-shoulder neckline to this enchanting model which comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

SPRINGTIME in LONDON

Here is the newest version of the ever-popular sailor. In brown sisal straw, it has an upturned brim, one end of which is thrust through a circular motif of beige stitched felt. It comes from Henry Heath of 105, Oxford Street, W., where it costs 49s. 6d., and it can be made in any other colours. The scarf is in novelty taffeta in three vividly-contrasting shades. The stripes have a ruched effect

Nothing is more comfortable and practical for Spring wear than a cardigan suit, and a very attractive one in beige diagonal suiting is sketched below. The skirt has a panelled front with a pleat at each side, and the cardigan is belted. The top-coat is of checked Saxony, with patch pockets and wide gauntlet cuffs. It is double-breasted, is half-lined with shot silk, and, with the suit, comes from Studd & Millington, of 51, Conduit Street, W.

Shown on the right is an excellent bag in brown, rough-surfaced cloth, with cord handles and a chromium clasp. It costs 23s. 6d., and is also made in navy or black. The shoes, in the same colours, are of suède, with the new high front. They are ornamented with contrasting stitching and gun-metal studs. Shoes and bag from Marshall and Snelgrove

On the right is a distinguished hostess dress for cocktail parties or for an informal dinner. Made in heavy black crêpe, it has a most interesting gauged neckline and a bloused bodice. Bands of orange and black velvet are crossed at the waist, and the sling sleeves are graceful. This model costs eleven guineas at Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge

The type of blouse that will be worn with the new tailor-mades is seen above. In heavy chalky-white crêpe, with a plaid design in pink, blue, red, and green, the large fringed bow looks extraordinarily effective. It costs 49s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

Scaioni

A perfect ensemble in which to greet the first warm day is seen in the photograph on the left. In novelty crêpe checked in red, blue, or brown and white, it has a white vest with coloured buttons, and a reversible cape with a cleverly draped cowl collar; it costs four guineas at Swan & Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W. The very demure bonnet is of softest straw, with satin ribbons tied in a bow at the back, and a cluster of roses at the front

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

DAYTONA: An aerial view of the stretch of beach where last week Sir Malcolm Campbell made two thrilling but unsuccessful attempts to break his own record of 272·108 m.p.h. Notwithstanding the extreme bumpiness of the sand, he reached 270·473 m.p.h. for the measured mile southwards

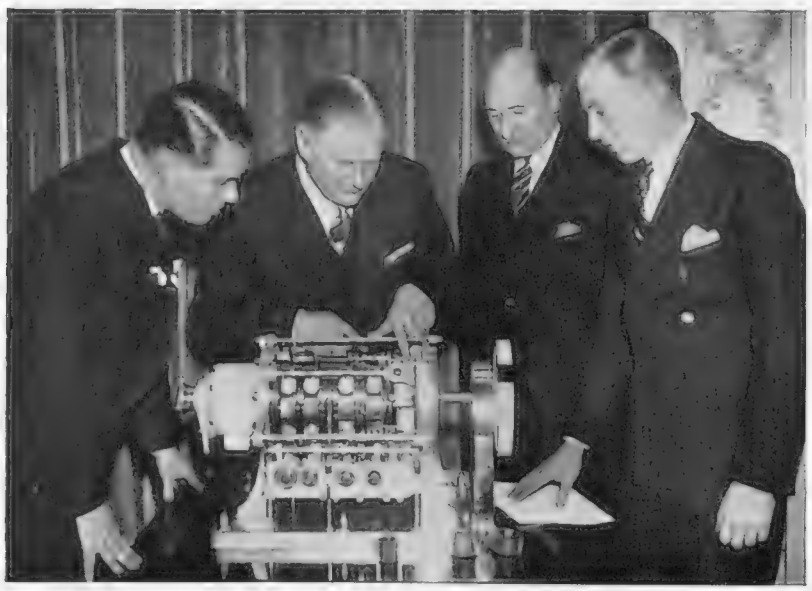
"THE BLUEBIRD": The front of Sir Malcolm Campbell's mighty car with the special radiator shutter which has just been incorporated in the design

THERE surely can be no argument that if a good article is wanted a good price must be paid. All the world, however, loves a bargain, and every one of us now and again buys something terrifically cheap. If it lasts even half the time that a more expensive variety would endure, there is great rejoicing. Occasionally, low priced articles are definitely good value for money but it is a pure gamble whether they are going to turn out trumps or not. All this applies to the question of insurance and yet many people will, in spite of warning, take up ridiculously cheap insurance policies in an attempt to save a pound or two. No more dangerous course could be followed, for the whole idea of insurance from the policy-holder's point of view is to banish the gamble and saddle it on to the insurance company. Amongst my friends there are some who are in the insurance world but as far as I know not one of them is a millionaire on account of the motor business which his firm may transact, which leads me to believe that the companies who insure motor cars are not getting tremendously fat on the profits.

Then again it must be remembered that there is quite a goodly amount of competition for motor insurance business, and this in itself necessarily prevents owners being asked for exorbitant premiums. If some firm offers to cover motor car risks at premiums well below the average rate, then the owner of the car should walk warily. I cannot imagine any more devastating position than to receive a fairly large third-party claim and then to learn that the insurers have either gone into liquidation or get out of their obligations in some other manner. When an owner or driver requires to call upon his insurance company it is usually on an occasion of nervous anxiety. Knowing, however, that one's company will meet the legal liabilities the anxiety is soothed, but the person who has been foolish enough to go in for cheap insurance finds himself in a position which requires no further detailing from me. Should any reader not be certain whether the company with which he is insured is a sound one, I would suggest that advice be sought from either the R.A.C., or the A.A. Such a step would appear necessary, for owing to recent happenings it would seem that the owner is not definitely safeguarded by the Government.

Whilst talking of insurance matters it does seem strange to a layman how claims are sometimes settled. The owner of the car is frequently annoyed because his insurance company will not fight his battles for him when he feels that he is the aggrieved party. Only the other day I heard of a case where a motorist was driving along a very wide new by-pass, which incidentally was very badly lit, when right in front of his wheels appeared a bicycle without any warning whatever. The car went over the obstruction, and no doubt the machine in the way was severely bent. Fortunately, no one was on the cycle or the result might have been much more serious. The driver of the car naturally pulled up, and on going back in the rain to make investigations he found that a car, which was slightly in front of him had hit the cycle whilst its owner was walking beside it in the gutter, and the impact had shot the machine in front of the second car, the driver of which could see nothing of the original collision. In due course the owner of the bicycle received a new machine, and the insurance company which had covered the owner of the car which had run over the cycle paid up some pounds as damages. This seems all wrong to me, for I cannot see why, if someone chucks a bicycle in front of a car, and there is no possible hope of avoiding it, the owner of the car should be liable. I am not suggesting that the owner of the bicycle threw it at the car, but that the result of the original collision caused this to take place. Of course, the insurance company naturally prefer to pay up small sums rather than fight such a case and perhaps be involved in considerable legal costs, particularly as there is always a sporting chance that even if the case is won the company are unable to recover their legal fees.

It is a well-known fact that there is in existence what is known as the "knock for knock" agreement in England between insurance companies, and although many motor car owners dislike this agreement because it means that their own insurance company will pay out to cover the damages of their insured car without attempting to fight the other insurance company interested, this agreement is really of great benefit to them. If every case had to be fought the legal costs would be colossal, and as no business concern is intended to be philanthropic, premiums would naturally go up to balance the increased expenditure. It might be argued that only in a few cases would there have to be a legal battle. Believe me, speaking as a member of the committee of the Order of the Road, I can say that there are few cases of accident brought to my notice where the individual making the report has not definitely stated that the accident was caused by the driver of the other car. I am not for a moment suggesting that any such accusation is made in bad faith, because in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred every person involved in an accident where other vehicles or persons were hit really is of the opinion that the whole fault lay on the other person's shoulders.



GEARS WITHOUT TEARS: Gear-changing is made ridiculously easy by the new gear-box invented by Captain E. de Normanville, which was recently demonstrated at the Dorchester Hotel. It is operated from the driving wheel by a touch of the thumb, and is to be fitted exclusively to Humber cars. Captain de Normanville is seen explaining the working of the new gear to overseas representatives of Messrs. Humber, Ltd.

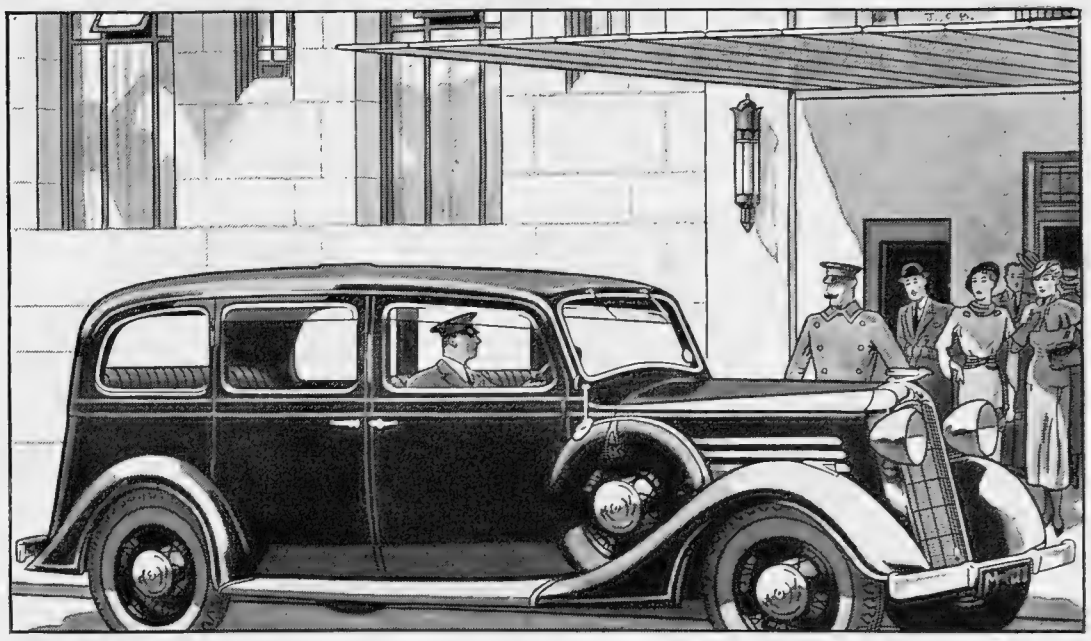
I was lucky enough the other day to have an opportunity of trying out an example of the new 1½-litre four-cylinder Riley. Seldom has a car caused more excitement in the motoring world than did this particular model when it was first introduced. Having driven it for a couple of days I now realise to the full what all the commotion was about. This 1½-litre Riley is definitely a car of outstanding character. It is not merely a piece of mechanism which will get its owner and his friends from one point to another. It is a real delight to drive. In fact I can truthfully say that on every journey I took in it I would have been far more pleased if the distance had been doubled. The passengers have a good time in this Riley, for it provides them with every comfort which a medium-sized car can give, and in addition many which are usually confined to really large motor vehicles. The passengers find that the suspension isolates them from all shocks, and yet does not give them that floating feeling usually associated with very light springs. They have good vision of the countryside, and they find that they can breathe fresh air without sitting in a draught. They are given three doors to use, and are not asked to share any of these with the driver.

CANDOUR: A wayside notice erected near Dijon calling attention to the slippery state of the roads during wet weather. A remarkably frank admission by the French authorities

Satisfied as the passengers may be the driver is even more pleased. When he sits behind the wheel and moves off he finds that he is controlling a car with a definite personality and which all the time makes it evident that it is enjoying its work. The engine though only possessing 4 cylinders is the equal, or perhaps the superior, of many 6-cylinder power units as far as smooth power is concerned. There is no difficulty in getting 60 m.p.h. from the car and probably the speedometer would go much higher, but I did not get an opportunity of trying.

(Continued on p. 374)

VAUXHALL'S MODERN 7-STR. LIMOUSINE



WHILE saloon cars have advanced apace, limousine design has somewhat lagged behind. Now Vauxhall have produced, in this seven-seater Big Six Limousine, a car with the dignified appearance associated with a town carriage, that is definitely abreast of the times in its modern streamline influence.

It is mounted on the 27 h.p. Vauxhall Big Six Regent Chassis which, with its wheelbase of 10 ft. 10 ins., allows for an exceptionally spacious body. Grosvenor Coachwork craftsmen have taken full advantage of these extra inches and designed a luxurious body that in comfort and nicety of appointment rivals built-to-order coachwork.

Two or three years ago you would have expected little change from a four-figure cheque for a car of this size and luxury. To-day, thanks to Vauxhall's special manufacturing technique, the price is only £550. For Vauxhall's flow production system of manufacture is craftsmanship on a larger, more accurate scale. It safeguards the fine finish that has always distinguished Vauxhall products, yet makes this Limousine comparable, on a value-for-money basis, with the smaller Vauxhall models of to-day.

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THE PRINCES OF INDIA

(Continued from p. 344)

should rule and when Socialist tendencies need no longer masquerade as "National"?

What, in fact, was to be the obstacle to the outright appointment of a proletarian Viceroy; and, with him, the vanishing of the last pretence of the Imperial connection?

And as if in answer to the unspoken thought, Sir Stafford Cripps, with that cynical recklessness of consequences born either of supreme confidence or utter ignorance of his material, as lately as a few days ago tore the last doubt to shreds. Rising in his place in Parliament he stated outright the fixed intention of the Labour party, as and when the opportunity should serve, to appoint a Labour Viceroy. Hardly did he need the reinforcing voice of Mr. Maxton—for whose transparent sincerity, however wrong-headed, we forgive him much—who immediately added the footnote that, "If the Conservatives can accept their Prime Ministers from the Labour Party why worry about Viceroys?"

Matters which, so far, have moved slowly and, however prejudged the issue, with a certain outward seeming of fair discussion, are now quickening their *tempo*. To one of us at least it is impossible to read coincidence into the fact that this latest rending of the Socialist veil should almost immediately have been followed by an emphatic and unanimous verdict from the Chamber of Princes in session. *Non possumus*. Plain and simple.

They have been pushed, wriggled, jockeyed by *force majeure* from one false position into another. At each step they have made what terms they could with what, in each case, seemed to them an unbelievable, but at least circumscribed, surrender of our rule; only to find that worse depths gaped ahead where solid ground seemed to be. And now, at long last, they have reached the limit of what gentlemen will endure. If the English are to abdicate, well, let them. If the States are to be enveloped in the octopus-grip of an implacable native-ruled India, at least they will go down fighting.

So much for one point of view. But there would seem to be another. For are they, the sons of an almost uncountable heredity of warriors, calmly to face extinction however gallant? Patiala, Hyderabad, Mysore, Travancore, Kashmir, Jaipur, Jodhpur, Udaipur, Kapurthala, Baroda, Bikaner, Bhopal, Indore, Dholpur, Panna, and Rewa; their names march across the page like a pageant of history. Are they to surrender?—and is it to be for ever?

"Nay, sahib; are we women? Are we fools? For just as long as you English are here, keep your military power, and insist. *But when you are gone* ....." and a smile broke through.

No need of that happy grin, the wriggle of the shoulders and the lilt in his walk as he strolled out of the room. For, when we have *gone*, a man who is really a man; whose subjects, despising the endless chatter of the political monkey-house, look to him for personal leadership; one with the tradition of power and direct action, and a cheerful and healthy ruthlessness in carrying them through; for a man such as this will be born again.

PLAYS OF TO-DAY

(Continued from p. 368)

curtain which obliges us to leave them behind it.

A book can have a sequel, but I think only Shakespeare went on from one play to another showing the later lives of those he had introduced to the notice of his audience; and who can tell if, in actual fact, such plays were produced by him in sequence?

When I was obliged to say goodbye to *Richard of Bordeaux*, of whom John Gielgud in his modern portrayal has made so living and vital a personage, it was with such regret! I had watched him grow, pacifist, generous, humane, into a soured, deposed man waiting for doom. I wanted to know, revengefully, how the usurper fared, sitting upon Richard's throne.

I did not think to find the sequel to a modern play in a revival of the first part of Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*, nor could I have believed that a modern play could blend into Shakespeare without a jarring note.

For this bridging of the centuries Mr. George Robey is almost entirely responsible. The performance is keyed to him, and his gestures, his footlight confidences, which remain firmly, "I stopped and I looked and I listened," just as the walking stick remains an umbrella, only make his "Falstaff" the more that of Shakespeare. But "Shakespeare" as the Elizabethans must have themselves seen joyously!

Owing to Mr. Robey I gained my wish to see the avenging of Richard's martyrdom. I saw the usurper uneasy on his stolen throne, haloed with poisonous accusation, confronted by rebellion and, "knowing himself, how troublesome a crown come by indirect crooked ways, sat upon his head." I watched him also turn from lust of power to seek the good of England, and Richard, for me, at last lay quiet in his grave.

Falstaff's Elizabethan English rolled upon his tongue with a fine flavour and seemed more modern than any current slang. Dry bones took on flesh—even as Mr. Robey—and swung armoured and gallant through fine pageantry.

Schooldays have left with so many of us terror of Shakespeare; Mr. Robey will remove it. See *Henry the Fourth* at His Majesty's Theatre and exchange such remembrance of boredom for a thrill of early seventeeth-century reality as vital and vigorous in 1935.

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 372)

The particular model I drove was fitted with a pre-selector gear-box and this combined with an automatic clutch made driving about as simple as it could be. This type of gear-box allows the driver to accelerate to the best advantage, and with an engine such as this 1½-litre Riley a pre-selector gear-box is not wasted. I was particularly impressed with the safe feel of the car, which is a very comforting feature particularly when the roads are wet. This ability to hold the road is, of course, derived from experience in racing.

I will not suggest that it is confined solely to the products of manufacturers who indulge in this form of motoring sport, but an owner can be much more certain of finding his car so possessed if it is built in a factory where racing cars are to be found. The price of this Riley may be a little higher than other cars of the same horse-power having 4 cylinders, but from the experience I had with this particular model, plus that gained from driving Rileys on many other occasions, I can truthfully say that car is well worth its purchase price.

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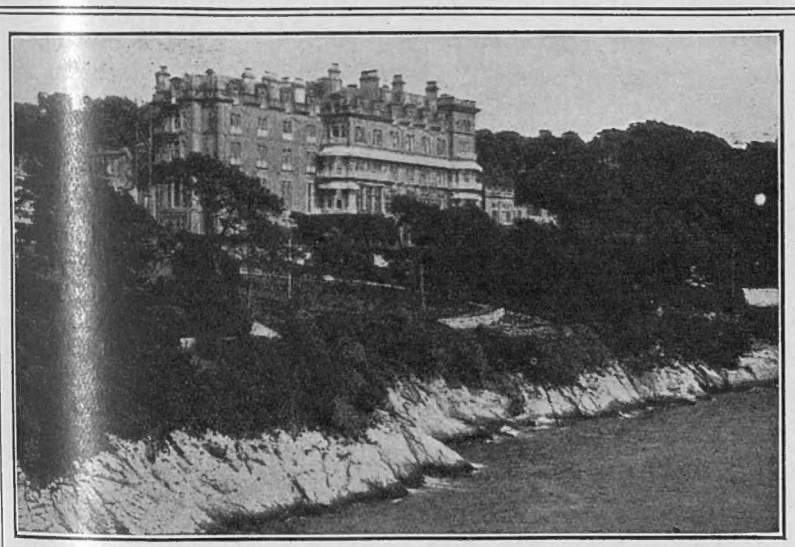

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THE COURT OF "NO APPEAL"

(Continued from p. 360)

If the accused were an officer, the finding of the Court would be immediately apparent to him on entry. His sword, which rested on the table throughout the proceedings, would have the hilt turned towards him if the charges were not proven, and vice versa.

Nothing now but the prisoner's record, and the sentence. From the beginning of his service as a cadet or seaman boy it is repeated, and every man in the court knows the exact value by service standards of the words employed. A character assessment of "Good" in 1927 speaks of a string of petty offences, drunkenness, leave-breaking, slackness, and the ultimate deprivation of a Good Conduct Badge. Otherwise the assessment would have been the usual "Very Good." A statement by a captain that an officer "has conducted himself satisfactorily" is probably a Service euphemism for "Might have done considerably better." One captain is alleged to have written "Has conducted himself entirely to his own satisfaction" on such a report.

Now there is nothing left but the sentence. It is read with little display of emotion on any face. The prisoner is marched away. "Haul down the Jack," commands the President, and the flag which has flown at the main-mast throughout the sitting of the Court is hauled down. The Court is closed. There is no appeal.

NANDA DEVI

(Continued from p. 351)

spent six weeks travelling amongst and exploring the intricacies of this range. We succeeded in crossing the watershed both north and south of the main axis. Towards the end of the latter journey we became involved in bad jungle on the Kedarnath side of the range.

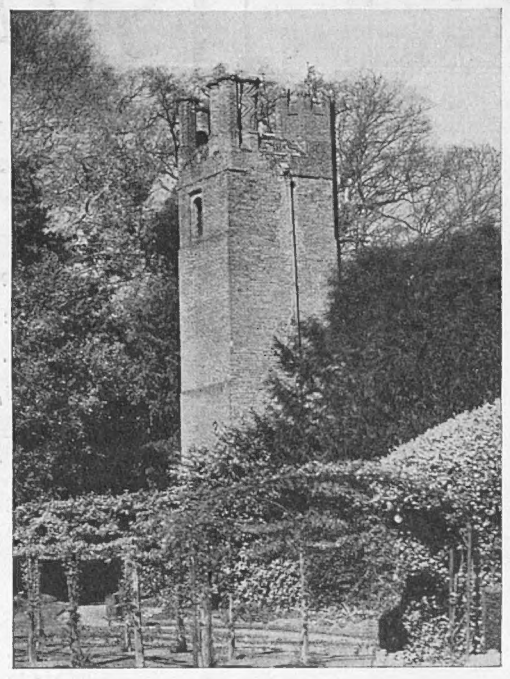
The undergrowth was so thick that at times it took us as much as an hour to cover twenty-five yards and we were hard put to it to go more than a mile a day. We now struck really bad weather and all our kit got water-logged, which made the loads heavy. Passang too, broke a small bone in his foot which put him out of action for any work. Our food ran short a week before we reached the first habitation, but we found a fair supply of bamboo shoots and forest fungus on which to live.

When we returned to the Rishi Ganga in September we found that a great many landslips had occurred in our absence. The rains must have been terrific. Small side nalas, normally dry, and with very little collecting capacity, showed signs of having had as much as seven feet of water coming down them.

The exploration of the southern section of the Nanda Devi Basin was not difficult. A peak 22,360 ft. high on the southern rim of the basin was climbed, from the top of which we obtained a view into those mighty ranges of western Nepal, a wonderland for some future generation to explore.

We also reached a height of about 21,000 ft. on the southern ridge of Nanda Devi, and were able to work out with the eye what I think will prove to be a practicable route to the summit.

Finally, we escaped from the basin by crossing a depression in the southern barrier-wall by which Mr. Hugh Ruttledge had tried to get into the basin in 1932. The ice-fall on the southern side is steep and extremely



A RELIC ENDANGERED: This beautiful old Tudor tower in the grounds of Sir Charles Rowley's estate near Stoke-by-Nayland, Essex, was considerably damaged by fire a few days ago. The tower, which contains many treasures, is all that remains of the original Tendring Hall—once the home of a Duchess of Norfolk and later of Sir John Williams, a Lord Mayor of London

complicated, and, while the "col" afforded us a means of escape from the basin, it would be a very much more severe task to tackle it in the reverse direction.

Marching back through wooded foot-hills of exquisite beauty, we took with us the indelible memory of five crowded months amongst some of the most glorious mountains of the world.

MINIKOI

(Continued from p. 348)

has been specially prepared for the visit. But what strikes the eye is the clean arrangement of it all: the men's club, for instance, where they are just as strict about allowing women on the premises as they are in many London clubs. It lies in a peaceful square. Its gaily painted exterior invites one to step inside, and inside it is just as clean. Long benches run down either side of the main hall. On these, presumably, the elders and club bores sit and gossip, and smoke their long pipes.

While the Governor takes his walk, his clerks call on the officials and inspect their accounts and records. Then follows the annual regatta. The boats they use are long canoes made by the islanders themselves. They carry their boats to the water, but, unlike the 'varsity crews, they number thirty. The race is about a mile in length and one can only see a shower of spray from the paddles as the canoes approach the finishing line all close together.

After the regatta comes the social function. The Governor and his staff are conducted to a large public hall. It is so public that one can see everything that passes inside it over the low thatched walls. Now, for the first time, the women are brave enough to approach. They come in a long processsion, each one carrying a gift for His Excellency. It may be a teapot; it may be a fan; it may even be a goat. One wonders how the natives can afford to give away so many of the island's treasures. In reality it is all a gesture. They show His Excellency that they are prepared to give him of their best, and after it is all over he thanks them and requests them to take their gifts back again.

After the presentation comes the best event of the day: the Drum Dance. From far off, one hears the beat. Then, in a long procession, winding like a snake, reversing, leaping, leaning this way and that, keeping perfect time together, come the drummers. They are all dressed alike in their strange hats and bright coloured trousers. Red seems to be the popular colour amongst these people. Closer they come; the beat reminds one of the rhumba. It is performed by beating the drum with the ball of the hand followed by a short sharp beat with the fingers. They work up the tempo as they enter the hall. They are already sweating from the heat. Steadily they advance. Then, when all are in the room, they form a large circle. Never once does the rhythm alter. They jump, they sway, they throw their heads back. They spring on to one leg, then back to the other. The strange beat continues. They work themselves to a point of exhaustion. Suddenly the procession forms again and slowly disappears.

It is now time for the Governor to leave. He bids farewell to the islanders. They crowd the pier as he leaves, and stand watching as the admiral's barge bears him away into the distance to board the big warship.

G. R.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

H., Yorks (Italy, Austria, Germany).—The road over the Modane Pass from France into Italy is usually open by the middle of April. The route to Italy is a most attractive one, for it lies through the lovely province of Savoie, where detours could be made to Annecy and Aix-les-Bains. The most beautiful route from Venice to Austria lies through the Dolomites, over the Brenner Pass, which is open throughout the year to Innsbruck. From Innsbruck you could cross into Germany over the Fernpass, thence via the north shore of Lake Constance to Freiburg, from where you could drive up through the Black Forest to Freudenstadt and Wildbad. If you wished to tour the Kitzbuehel Alps you would have to go as far as Salzburg and cross into Germany from there, reaching the Black Forest via Munich, a rather long detour. As regards the journey to the Black Forest via the Arlberg and Switzerland, it is impossible to say at this date whether the Arlberg Pass will be open for motor traffic by the middle of May. We would advise you to ship your car from Mainz to Coblentz, and make this part of the journey by Rhine steamer, for the beauties of this part of the Rhine are best seen from the steamer. From Coblentz you can return to Ostende via Luxemburg and the Belgian Ardennes.

M., Herts (Madeira). The average temperature of Madeira during April is 62·3 deg. Fah. You would not find it too hot even in August (the hottest month) for the average temperature then is only 72.4 deg. Fah., and there are always cool breezes blowing in from the sea. Bathing is possible at Madeira the whole year round, and cool clothing should be taken even in February. A fairly warm coat should be taken in the spring if you propose to do much motoring up in the hilly portion of the island. The best hotel in Funchal is Reid's Palace Hotel. The Union Castle Line have regular sailings to Madeira, the 1st class return fare ranging from £36. This Line is quoting a special return fare to Madeira for the Easter Holiday of £27, 1st class. The outward sailing is by the *Winchester Castle* on April 18, and the homeward journey may be made from Madeira on April 25, or May 2.

D., Wilts (Sicily).—The return 2nd class fare from London to Palermo via Dover—Calais is £17 18s., which includes the 50 per cent. reduction granted by the Italian State Railways. The route is overland as far as Naples, and thence an overnight crossing by boat to Palermo, leaving London at 11 a.m., arriving in Naples the evening of the following day, and Palermo early the next morning. The supplement for the 2nd class sleeper from Paris to Rome is £4 16s. For good bathing at Palermo you would have to go to Mondello which is only a short distance from the town by tram. Personally, however, for sun and bathing we think you would do better to go to Taormina on the south coast of Sicily. A small hotel in Taormina which has been particularly recommended to us is the Beau Séjour, with en pension terms from about 11s. per day.

N., Surrey (Corfu).—The best time to visit Corfu is from mid-March to June. The island is beautiful in any month, but at its best during the spring, when all the flowers are in bloom. The Hôtel Angleterre et Belle Venise is generally recommended to all visitors to Corfu, but the Pension Suisse has been recommended to us as being comfortable and more reasonable in price, while we have also been informed that there are one or two simple but clean hotels in various parts of the island, which are practically on the beach. Corfu can be reached by boat from Venice or Trieste, there being frequent and regular sailings from both ports. The trip down the coast of Dalmatia is delightful, and you could if you wished stay a day or so at the picturesque Dalmatian ports of Dubrovnik and Split.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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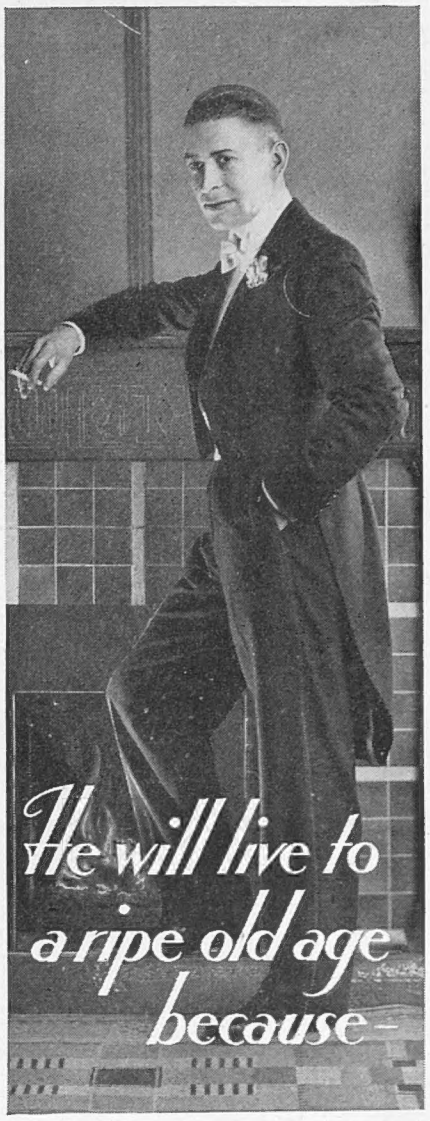

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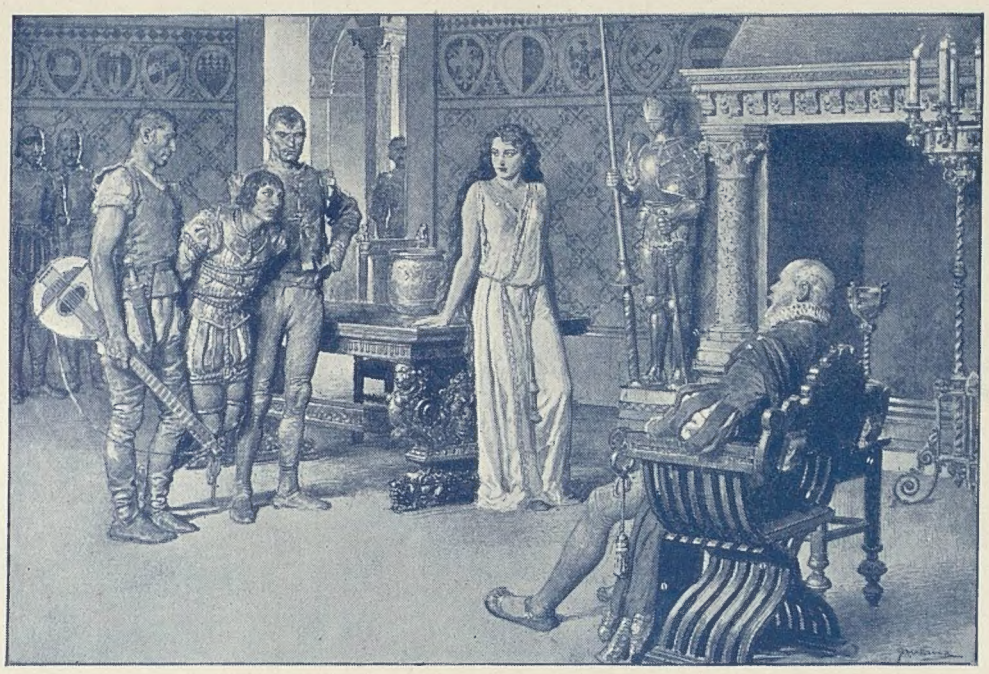

"THERE roamed through Italy during the fifteenth century a company of adventurous soldiers known as Condottieri. They were the Foreign Legion of their day—as varied in nationality, as famous throughout the world.

From the shires of England and Scotland, from the departments of France, the states of Germany, from Bohemia, old soldiers and ambitious youths journeyed to add their lances to this strange company which, in making a true business of war, enjoyed constant activity and almost constant romance.

A relic of the high chivalry of the Crusades lingered about them, but their principal aim was commercial. Some few spoke of honour, but the greater part were inspired by pieces of gold, by red wine of Italy, by the dark eyes of her ladies.

Many are the tales told about these Condottieri. Machiavelli jests at their expense. Ammirato, the historian, defends them. Both agree on one point: that many of their battles—like those of the Chinese War Lords of to-day—were bloodless.

Once, in Naples, they fought simultaneously *for and against* the Pope. From sunrise till sunset they fought. The cries of their strife and agony resounded through the city. Yet, when hostilities ceased, not one man was killed or hurt, or even discomfited. All, in fact, felt the exhilaration from the exercise—and the profit.

Again, at the battle of Zagonara, the sole casualty was Luddovicco delli Obizzi—who fell into the mud and was smothered.

Yet again, at Molinella, no one suffered hurt beyond bruises, but all enjoyed the kudos and the cash of so bloodless a campaign.

The Condottieri championed the cause of anyone who could pay for their service. They would defend Pisa in the morning and attack Pisa at night. The blinding rapidity of their volte-face made it a little difficult for anyone—save themselves—to know for whom they were fighting at any given moment. One day it was "Viva! Viva Firenza!" Another day, "A basso i Fiorentina . . . "!

AMONG the knights who went out from England to seek their fortune in the ceaseless wars of Ghibelline and Guelph, of Pope and Emperor, of Italian city and Italian city, was Sir Robert Hawkwood, nephew to the one-time leader of the band.

He was his uncle's nephew when it came to fighting. The sham tussles in which he took part with the mercenaries disgusted him—his company had enjoyed not one serious encounter since his enrolment.

The enemy—which invariably consisted of fellow Condottieri—always ran hotfoot in retreat and left the Englishman with no human scabbard for his sword. And this—for he held the faith of the soldier—affronted him.

One day, as he lay with his comrades in a shady glen in the Monte di San Giuliano, he voiced his discontent. He complained that, when the spur of knighthood was stuck to his heel, he thought never to become merchant or mountebank. He had not been asked—or paid—to hazard his life; he had been invited to draw his dole by making a show of war and crying for mortal wounds he never received. This, to him, assoiled his honour.

But the others, blunted by use, high living, low doing, laughed him to scorn.

These soldiers, by pragmatic sanction, found their spokesman in one l'Allegre, a Gascon: rightly named the Merry—or Light.

It seemed incredible to his mind, sunk in the content of sloth, that anyone should dream of complaining about conditions as ideal as those they now enjoyed. They had money, food, wine, women, the use of—though not the right to—uniform. And they were spared the risks inherent in a soldier's life . . . "

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